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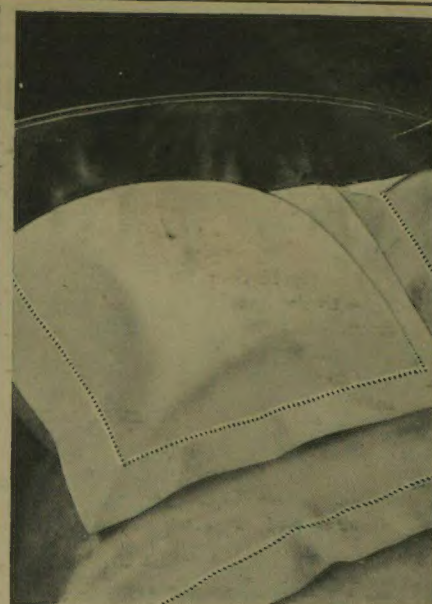
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MODERATE TERMS.  
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## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

### THE REVIVING PHILHARMONIC.

THE effect of the new London Philharmonic Orchestra was to be clearly seen at the second concert of the Royal Philharmonic Society, when the attendance was notably increased at the Queen's Hall. There has been for some time a certain lack of public interest in the Philharmonic Society's concerts, and there was a somewhat sparse audience at the début of the new orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham. The greatly improved quality of the new orchestra and the enormous energy of Sir Thomas Beecham are now likely to bear fruit, and it shows that the musical public is very much alive to the quality of orchestral playing nowadays, for there was no novelty or item of special interest in the programme of the second concert to account for the much bigger attendance.

Cherubini's overtures are certainly not often heard nowadays, and we may be grateful to Sir Thomas for playing the brilliant "Les Abencérages" overture, which was actually composed in the year 1812, the year before the foundation of our Royal Philharmonic Society. This is music which Sir Thomas generally plays well, as is the suite of Handel's music, which followed the Cherubini overture, "The Origin of Design," which Sir Thomas had originally scored for a ballet for the Camargo Society.

### CONCERTOS WITHOUT CADENZAS.

The soloist of the evening was Miss Myra Hess, who played Mozart's extremely beautiful but rarely heard C minor pianoforte concerto (K. 491). No cadenza was played in the first movement, and a cut was made to evade it. I hope this practice will not spread, although, I fear, Sir Thomas Beecham is inclined to encourage it. On one occasion some years ago he made an attack on cadenzas in general, and seemed to give support to what is, after all, a very philistine attitude to the cadenza, treating it as a mere excrescence plastered on the music by virtuosos only anxious to make a display of their mechanical prowess.

Like everything else, the cadenza can be abused, and has been abused and perverted by inferior soloists, but this is not its whole history. It had originally a creative function, and the cadenzas which Mozart and Beethoven composed for their own concertos are part of the essential design of the music, and a most beautiful part of it. Unfortunately, Mozart did not commit to paper all the cadenzas for all his pianoforte concertos; he was



GETTING READY FOR THE SIXTH EXHIBITION OF WORK BY WAR-DISABLED MEN: MAKING BAGS AND TRAVELLING REQUISITES.

The sixth Exhibition of Work by War-Disabled Men is to be opened at the Imperial Institute on November 8 by Admiral Sir Roger Keyes. Last year over £13,000-worth of goods were sold—including pottery, furniture, textiles, hosiery, dog-kennels, household requisites, and artificial flowers. This year it is hoped to double the figure. Her Majesty the Queen, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and H.R.H. the Duchess of York headed last year's list of distinguished people who purchased Christmas gifts at the Exhibition. Prices vary from 1s. to £100.

in the habit of improvising them or of playing them from memory, so we do not possess his own cadenzas for all his own concertos. This is an excuse for making a cut as in the case of this C minor concerto, but even here, since Mozart has led up to the cadenza and marked it, it would be preferable for the soloist to prepare a cadenza of his or her own, or to use one of those written by previous good pianists.

### THE B.B.C. SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Mr. Adrian Boult and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra were obviously stimulated to show what they could do at their first concert of the winter season by the success of their new rival, the London Philharmonic. They were in excellent form, and gave a lively performance of the Bach overture to Cantata No. 31 and to the Brandenburg Concerto No. 3. This was followed by a solid and majestic performance of Schubert's C major symphony, in which some of Mr. Boult's tempi were slower than we are accustomed to, but none the less convincing and satisfactory. These two orchestras are now setting so high a standard that the London Symphony Orchestra will need all the talents of Sir Hamilton Harty to attract the public to its own series of concerts, for it remains to be seen whether the musical public of London is numerous enough—or, what is more to the point, rich enough in spare cash—to be able to support three first-rate orchestras each giving a full series of orchestral concerts at the Queen's Hall during the present winter. This is a state of things which has hardly ever occurred before, and it shows that the spread of interest and the appetite for music in London have grown enormously in recent years.

### MR. SCHNABEL'S RECITALS.

For these are not the only musical entertainments being offered. Artur Schnabel began his series of seven Beethoven recitals, covering the whole of Beethoven's sonatas for the pianoforte, at the Queen's Hall on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 22, and I am informed that most of the seats for this series have been sold already. This is truly an astonishing phenomenon, and bears witness to the impression this great artist has made upon the musical public of London.



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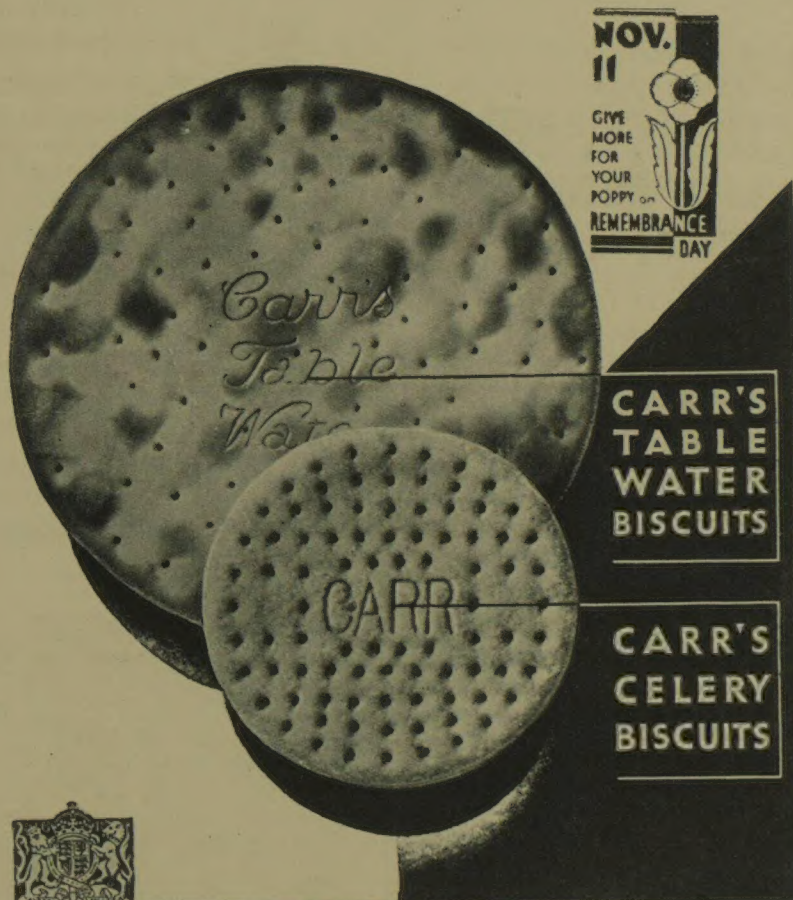
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER.

IN searching the recent Olympia Motor Exhibition for signs of future development, I found little trace of the use of the new "air-wheel" or aeroplane type of balloon tyres fitted to the cars displayed at this great annual function in London. Yet I



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learnt from several visitors from both France and America that some of their 1933 cars will be equipped with these extra-large section and low-pressure inflated tyres. Actually only the Citroën Stand at Olympia showed cars fitted with this "air-wheel" type of tyres, in this instance manufactured by Michelin. But the Michelin Tyre Company had many examples of these "doughnut" tyres—as they term them in the U.S.A.—at the Paris Motor Show. There also several of the U.S.A. tyre-makers displayed "soft" tyres.

However successful these may be in absorbing road shocks to the users of motor vehicles fitted

with low-pressure large-section tyres, it is certain that some time must elapse before the motor manufacturer in Great Britain will make them a standard fitting on his cars. The reason for this delay in their adoption is due to the technical experts holding that such tyres entail certain changes to be made in the design of brake drums, springs, and steering—and perhaps other parts of the chassis.

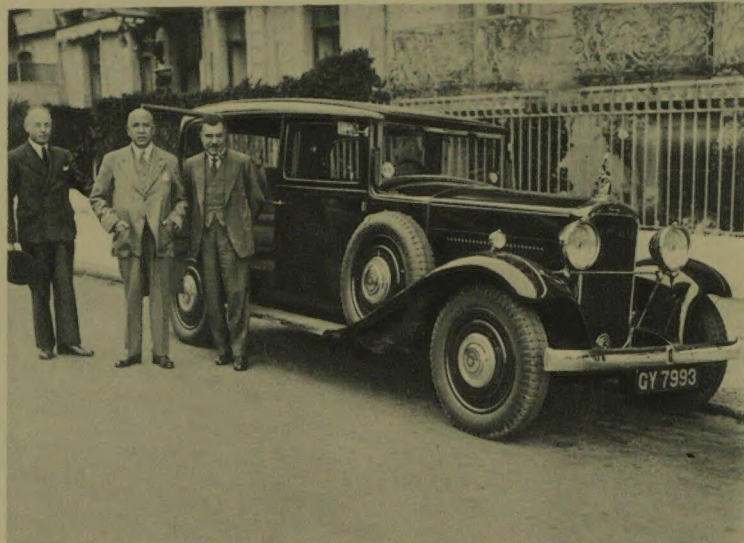
At a recent meeting of the American Society of Automotive Engineers, Mr. Burgess Darrow, Manager of the development department of the Goodyear Tyre and Rubber Company, read a paper on "Pneumatic tyres—Old and New."

In this, the author stated that the prevailing pressure of the new large-sectioned tyres will be about 20 lb. to the square inch for small cars, and up to 24 lb. pressure for larger cars. Mr. Darrow also held the view that this type of tyres was more truly approaching the balloon tyre used on landing wheels, though immediately the out-

growth of the latter type. It is in rim diameter that such wheels and tyres depart principally from the aeroplane tyres, as motor-cars need a fourteen- to sixteen-inch rim because of the required brake-drum diameter, whereas tyres used on aeroplanes are truly "all tyre" wheels.

This paper is interesting to British motorists if only because it referred to the invention of the first pneumatic in 1845 by Robert William Thomson, an English civil engineer. The remarkable feature

of the Thomson invention was that it indicated complete understanding of the pneumatic tyre principle nearly fifty years in advance of any practical use. The invention provided for a tyre of wide base, was made with several plies of canvas joined with rubber, had a non-skid tread, and was to be made in both single tube and two-part types, the latter including the casing and interior tube as it is known to-day. In its use the inventor envisioned lessened power consumption, easier motion, and diminished noise, and held that the tyre would function as a cushion between the vehicle and the road. He thus anticipated by eighty-seven years the present-day thought upon speed possibilities. But Thomson was far too ahead of his time, it



AT GENEVA: HIS EXCELLENCY SIDKY PASHA (CENTRE) AND THE EGYPTIAN MINISTER TO GREAT BRITAIN STANDING BY THE HUMBER PULLMAN LIMOUSINE THEY USED WHILE ATTENDING THE CONFERENCE.

remaining for Dunlop, in 1888, again to patent the pneumatic tyre, and with him came the real beginning (aided by the late Mr. Harvey du Cros) of the present pneumatic tyre industry.

[Continued overleaf]

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VICHY-CÉLESTINS may be taken at any time during the day, but it is most effective when drunk half an hour before the three daily meals.

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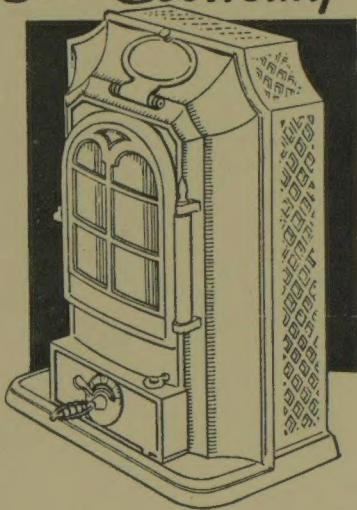
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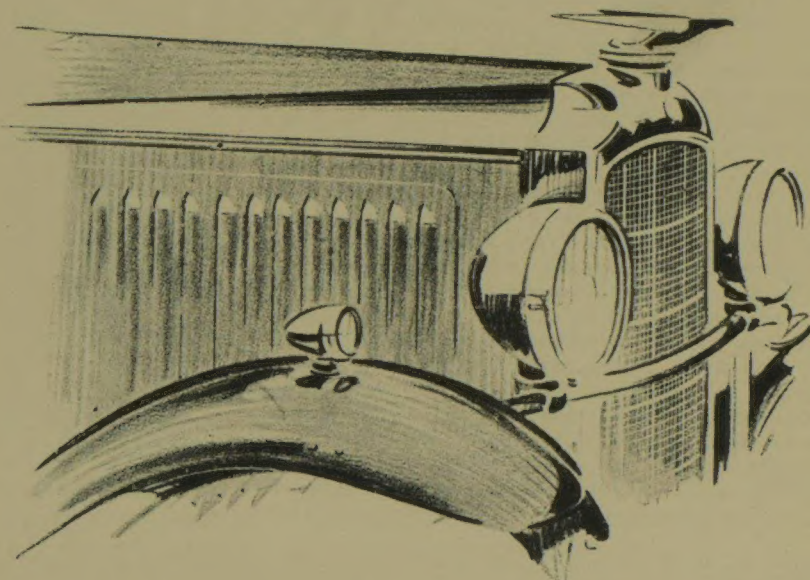
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THE CAR WITH THE SILKY PERFORMANCE





*Continued.]*

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MODERNITIES: THE NEWLY-WIDENED BRIDGE AT WORCESTER, WHICH THE PRINCE OF WALES ARRANGED TO OPEN ON OCTOBER 28—AND ONE OF THE NEW AUSTIN LIGHT "TWELVE-FOURS."

*Quality Tells*



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**LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY**  
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the new range are in proportion. Yet such a payment will be well worth while, as the unusually long period of the guarantee to replace the battery free of charge should it fail within the two years means practically free service for that period. I was informed that the longer life of these batteries compared to the standard and cheaper type was due to the double separation of the plates, perforated ebonite sheets being used in addition to the standard wood separators. This double armouring for the positive plates thus increases the life of the cells.

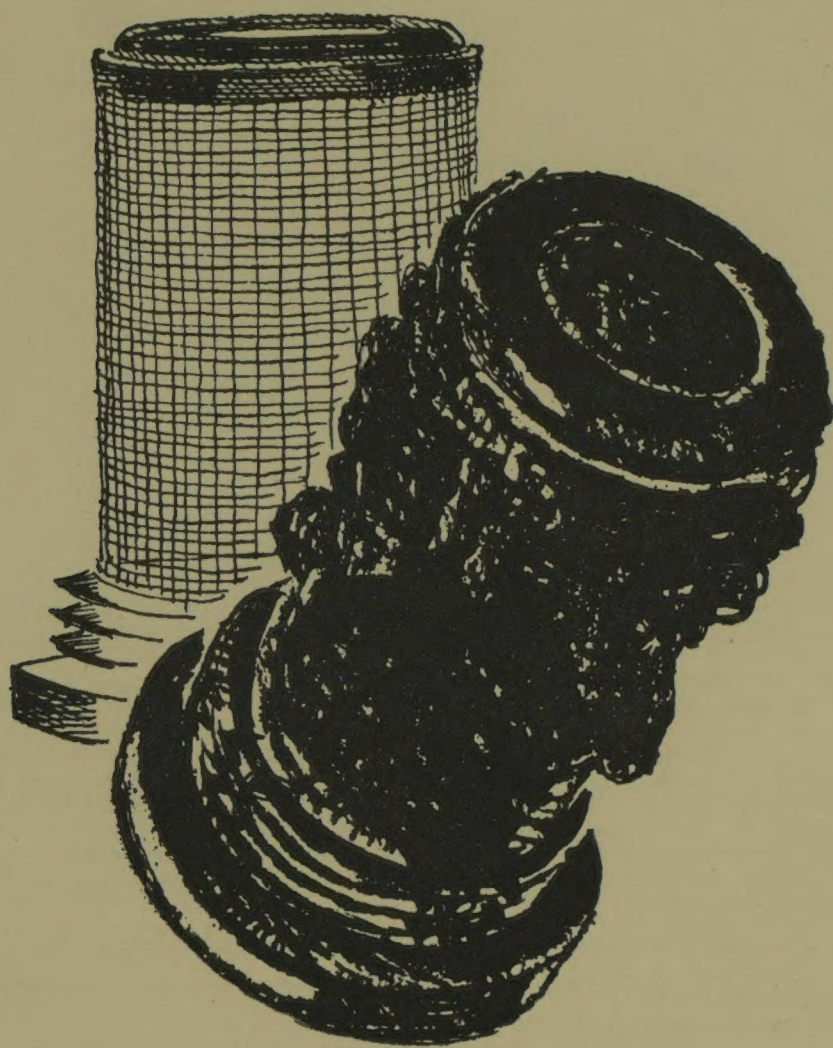
**Private Cars** Ever since the advent on the road of the first motor-car in England, drivers have been harassed by various legal enactments from the freer use of the highway as enjoyed by other forms of traffic. Thus to-day, private-car owners are being summoned because they may use their car to carry unusual forms of luggage, due to a considerable amount of misunderstanding of the law of the land, as it stands at the moment, distinguishing "private carriages" from "commercial vehicles." Only recently a Bentley car owner was summoned because his rear compartment was filled with vegetables, presented to him by his host on leaving after a visit in the country. He explained to the Court that such goods were his personal property for the use of his family, which prevented his being fined, but I believe that he had to pay four shillings costs (of the summons). Therefore, I must impress upon all private-car owners that "if a motor-car is in any way adapted for the carriage of goods, even by such small alterations as the removal of the back cushion or seat, the owner of the car is liable for taxation at commercial vehicle rates." These latter rates are based on the unladen weight of the vehicle, and are substantially higher than the £1 per horse-power levied on private cars. At the same time, motorists are permitted to use their cars to transport goods in the course of trade and pay tax as a private vehicle *only*, providing it has not been constructed or adapted in any way for the conveyance of goods. It must also be remembered that the question of insurance is also affected when goods are carried in a private motor-car. When goods are so carried in the course of or for the purpose of trade, *irrespective of*

*[Continued overleaf.]*



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(Continued.)

whether the car is adapted for commercial use or not, the car must be insured under a commercial vehicle insurance policy, and not a private-car policy. If the vehicle is not so covered, the owner and driver are liable to the heavy penalties imposed under the Road Traffic Act for using a car uninsured against third-party risks.

#### A Motoring Dilemma.

A case occurred recently where a car was involved in an accident at night; the occupants were flung out and severely injured. For three hours they endeavoured to obtain assistance from passing motorists, but, apparently fearing a trap, none of the vehicles signalled would stop. On the face of it, it seems an unhappy state of affairs that in this country an injured person should be unable to secure help for that amount of time. The reason for such apparent callousness is, of course, that the public have been warned repeatedly not to stop, especially at night, save only when requested to do so by a police constable in uniform. "Motor bandits" have adopted highly ingenious methods to hold up drivers, including even a pretended crash, complete with "injured" people lying in the roadway, and it can hardly be a matter of surprise in the light of such facts that motorists are reluctant to stop, especially at night, no matter how urgent is the apparent necessity. The R.A.C. states that there is undoubtedly a certain amount of risk in responding to a signal to stop on a lonely road at the present time, and reiterates the advice it has given in the past that drivers, as a general rule, should stop only when called upon to do so by a police constable in uniform. At the same time, the R.A.C. urges on all motorists the utmost importance of reporting either to the police or to an R.A.C. Guide at the very first opportunity, personally or by telephone, any attempt, either by a motorist or a pedestrian, to induce them to pull up. If there is a genuine need for assistance the motorist will have done his duty by procuring help, whilst if the persons concerned have criminal intentions a rapid report may result in their apprehension by the police.

**Exide Batteries.** A full range of starting and lighting batteries for every make of car was exhibited at the Motor Exhibition by

the Chloride Electrical Storage Company, makers of the well-known Exide batteries. A novelty also shown by them was a cigarette box in the form of a miniature Exide 12-volt battery, moulded in black bakelite and with chromium-plated connectors and terminals, which is purchasable at 2s. 6d. This really is a miniature of the Exide Monobloc, with its multi-compartment container, a design of battery for fitting on the running-boards of the car, or for carrying on brackets on the chassis.

### THE PLAYHOUSES.

#### "VERSAILLES," AT THE KINGSWAY.

THIS play aims at a photographic realism, and for that reason is occasionally tedious; but never for long, and will be even less so when the action has been speeded up and the actors are more sure of their lines. After an unnecessary opening scene, showing a hotel balcony crowded with sight-seers to welcome President Wilson to Paris, we see Clemenceau at breakfast; taking his morning exercises; then a session at the Foreign Ministry in Paris, with Marshal Foch telling the delegates how he would deal with the beaten enemy. Next, a party, colourful and cleverly handled, given by the British Delegation, with Lloyd George and Clemenceau exchanging photographs of their respective grandchildren. The human touch, you see. Then Clemenceau in his bed-room, taking advantage of his attempted assassination to play on the sympathy of his political opponents. And so on, from scene to scene, we find the Delegates talking, talking, and doing nothing but shelving problems for a Commission to go into; until in the final scene we find them, having signed the Peace Treaty of the war that was to end war, bargaining with Sir Basil Zaharoff, the armament king, for the immediate supply of guns. Most of the characters are lay figures, but the author has, strangely enough, being a German, an admiration for Clemenceau, and has lavished all his art on giving us the real "Tiger," ruthless, cynical, hating idealism, with a deep love for France. Mr. Sam Livesey brings this figure to life. In a wonderful way he suggests the physique of an old man of eighty; every movement, every gesture, show a decaying body, yet with a heart

and will as sound as ever. Mr. Frederick Lloyd was not so successful as Mr. Lloyd George. Beyond a certain facial resemblance, he did nothing to suggest the real man; his humour and personal magnetism. True, the character is a caricature, but something more might have been done with it.

#### "AFTER DINNER," AT THE GAIETY.

"After Dinner," as its title implies, is an unassuming revue, with no greater ambition than to while away that digestive period that a good dinner demands. Certainly no strain will be placed upon the playgoer's mental powers, and an occasional few minutes' nap will cause one to miss nothing to be regretted. Yet of its type it is adequate, and just misses that "something" that might have turned it into first-class entertainment. Some of the ideas in the sketches are very bright and original, but they are, in the main, poorly written; a touch of wit here and there in the dialogue would have provided that little more that means so much. Also, despite the presence of Miss Gwen Farrar, it must be said that the cast includes no outstanding personality. Billy and Elsa Newell, popular on the music-halls, work hard and successfully. Miss Betty Frankiss shows signs of developing into a star, and Miss Hermione Baddeley and Miss Joan Clarkson also do good work. The opening scene is excellent in idea, but the dialogue is poor. It shows the interior of the Keith Prowse Office, with the principals appearing through playbills of their biggest stage successes. Miss Baddeley, for example, emerges from a poster advertising "The Likes of Her," and Mr. Melville Cooper through "Journey's End." There is an ingenious, but again badly worked out, idea in a scene on a seaside pier, with children putting their pennies in automatic machines, and seeing (by way of a gauze at the back) such "naughtinesses" of the 'nineties as "What the Butler Saw." This scene would make, if revised, a perfect vehicle for the Houston Sisters. There is a clever Billiard Ballet, and the finale to the first part is an amazing nightmare of sound and fury. In the latter half is an excellent burlesque of "Grand Hotel," but unhappily the duller and longest item, "Paris by Night," comes near the end and damps enthusiasm. There are occasional touches of vulgarity which will amuse few save the perpetrators.

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1932 is a very difficult year for the men who served 1914-18, so PLEASE PAY VERY GENEROUSLY for your Penny on REMEMBRANCE DAY—NOVEMBER 11th, and if possible, send a donation to Capt. W. G. Wilcox, M.B.E., Organising Secretary, Earl Haig's (British Legion) Appeal Fund, 26, Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.



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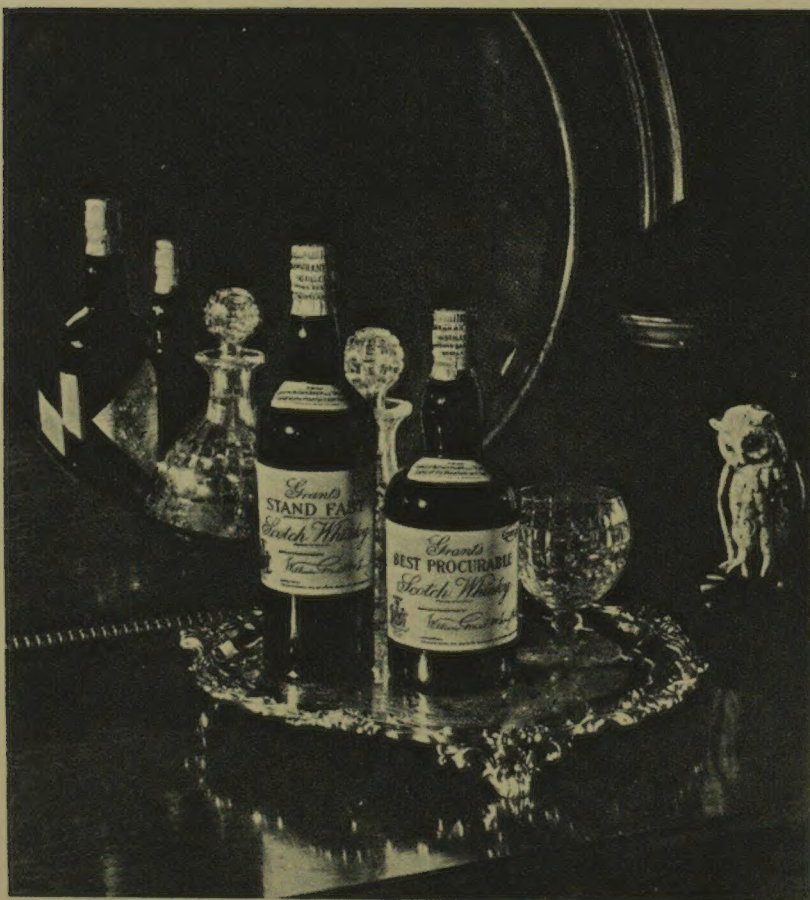
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1932.



## GERMAN ARMS: THE BOGEY OF EUROPE.

Germany's claim to re-arm—or, as she herself puts it, her claim to equality of rights in respect of armaments—has been the burning topic of the world since the famous *aide mémoire* of the end of August; and it may be said that, rightly or wrongly, the potential German soldier is the bogey of Europe. Meantime, we may quote a German official statement: "Germany has never raised other demands than those contained in the memorandum published on

August 29. She demands now, as then, that other States disarm to a level which, having regard for the special conditions of each country, shall correspond to that imposed on Germany by the Versailles Treaty. . . . The state of affairs must not continue in which weapons are forbidden to us which are allowed to other States as indispensable means of defence." And we may add that the proposed Four-Power conference may materialise soon.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

CONSIDERABLE debate arose recently in connection with an educational work, or one which many at least accepted as educational. It professed to provide information, largely scientific and technical information, for Boys and Girls and Their Parents. But some of their parents were in a position to point out that (on certain matters of opinion) it might be held not so much to inform as to misinform. I do not think it is too much to say that a certain philosophy of Materialism, and on some particular points Marxian Materialism, was plainly present in the book. And, despite the paradox, it was most conspicuously present in what was conspicuously absent. Now, I am not one of those who wake up in the night with a wild shriek that a Bolshevik or an Atheist must be shot like a burglar. When people hold false theories of life, I prefer to prove them to be false, rather than cut short the lives or even the language of their honest victims before they can live to be enlightened. If a grown-up man, writing for grown-up men, chooses to write a Bolshevik article, I will try to answer him with another article and not with a howl of horror. Nor am I myself at one with the conventional views underlying most of the official history I learnt at school, or most of the official newspapers that I read now. I also am in a minority in many things; as a Distributist, as a Catholic, as a man opposing Capitalism from the opposite extreme to that of Communism. But I should not think it fair to put these controversial views of mine into something professing to be a mere primer of ordinary objective scientific instruction.

As I say, if somebody writes a Communist pamphlet, I will write an Anti-Communist pamphlet; and in the same way I have often written a Distributist pamphlet, not to mention a Papist pamphlet. But if I were to write a sort of technical encyclopædia of the nature of the Boys' Own Handy Handbook of Boat-Building, or A Hundred Ways of Making Paper Boats, I should not think myself justified in insinuating into it my own case against Capitalism and Monopoly in the Paper Trade, nor in introducing parenthetical theological propaganda about the bark of St. Peter. This seems to me a simple matter of principle; of not doing one thing when everybody supposes that you are doing another. If I hold different views from those of my countrymen, it is my business to convert my countrymen, if possible, by direct and straightforward arguments addressed to them and addressed to the question. The tradition of my country, the religion of my fathers, the existing system of property and law in a great nation deserve at least to be directly and avowedly challenged, and not merely undermined

in a series of lessons on Fretwork or Electricity for the Little Ones. Frankly, therefore, I do not like this method of educational propaganda very much. I should not like it as a way of popularising the unpopular opinions I hold, and I naturally like it even less as a way of popularising the unpopular opinions I hate. The people who produced this particular



A STRONG DEPUTATION FROM THE CHURCHES TO THE PRIME MINISTER TO URGE PROGRESS IN DISARMAMENT: THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY (IN THE CENTRE, BEFORE A MICROPHONE), WITH A REPRESENTATIVE GROUP OF RELIGIOUS LEADERS.

The Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Lang) headed an important deputation from the Churches which was received at the Foreign Office, on October 20, by the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary. The object was "to express the very great disappointment of Christian people in this country at the lack of progress made at the Disarmament Conference," and to urge that, when the Conference resumes, "the British Government should give a lead to the world by immediately declaring "a definite policy of disarmament." As Dr. Lang pointed out, the deputation represented a very great volume of Christian public opinion throughout the country. Our photograph shows (from left to right) in front—the Archbishop of Canterbury and Dr. Mackintosh, Moderator of the Church of Scotland; second row—the Rev. H. W. Fox (Secretary, World Alliance), the Rev. Duncan Jones, Dean of Chichester (Chairman, Christian Organisation Committee, League of Nations Union), the Rev. M. E. Aubrey (Secretary, Baptist Union), Dr. Scott Lidgett (representing the Evangelical Free Churches), and the Archbishop of York (Dr. Temple). On the extreme left in the back row is the Rev. Dr. S. M. Berry (Secretary, Congregational Union). After speeches by the two Archbishops, Dr. Mackintosh, and Dr. Scott Lidgett, Sir John Simon replied, and the Prime Minister followed. The deputation included eighteen English Bishops and also representatives of the Baptists, the Society of Friends, the Methodists, Presbyterians (of England and Wales), Unitarians, and the Salvation Army.

work probably meant no harm. Their opinions are doubtless sincere, and their methods may well be such as they themselves can approve sincerely. Possibly they think their moral or metaphysical views are now self-evident to every sensible person. Indeed, this is probable as well as possible. For people with those views are commonly simple-minded, not to say narrow-minded. They do not know how much of the modern intellectual world continues to regard their simple notions as impudent assumptions. But I repeat that I do not like the method myself. It partakes too much of a sort of spiritual kidnapping.

But when we come to the way in which this innocent trick is performed, we must note that it is sometimes simple to the point of being clumsy. For instance, all sorts of views are taken of mediæval Christendom, and I should not in the least complain if these writers took a different view from mine. But when somebody conjures half Christian history away altogether by saying that the Mongols were the

most important people, and apparently the only important people, from the beginning of the thirteenth century to the middle of the fifteenth, I should think that even Boys and Girls would be able to spot the rather awkward act of concealment on the part of the rather incompetent conjurer. He does not pause to tell us who was the particular Mongol whose war-howl in the Tartar raids was more melodious and intellectual than the "Divine Comedy" of Dante. Nor does he explain which of the towers of skulls erected by Tamberlane was really of more cultural importance than the Cathedral of Chartres. If he means only Chinese, it is pedantic to say Mongol, which normally refers to the larger and looser racial movement. But even if he has studied Chinese Metaphysics like the Count Smorltork's friend, is the proportion rational? Do the pagodas dwarf the cathedrals? Does the most charming Chinese poem simply abolish Dante? Anyhow, I do not believe that any ordinary English writer knows truly and from the inside that Tartar metaphysics were more rational than those of Aquinas in the thirteenth century, or Tartar humour and humanism more sympathetic than those of Chaucer in the fourteenth.

It is simply a piece of bluff, for turning English children away from the history and humanity they could understand to a remote history and humanity which they could not understand, even if it were as sublime as is suggested for those who could understand it. In the play of "L'Aiglon," the Austrian tutors of the son of Napoleon try to keep him in the dark about the whole tremendous epic of the Napoleonic Empire and the Revolutionary Wars. They do this by telling him that, in the otherwise empty years of Austerlitz or Arcola, somebody invented a particular telescope. That seems to me exactly like the method adopted in the "Outline for Boys and Girls and Their Parents." To these writers, the telescope (being a scientific invention and all very safe and proper) would really be of much more importance than the generous and gigantic ideas for which thousands of

men died with exultation and enthusiasm. As the tutors in question wished to wipe out all record of the revolutionary enthusiasms of the eighteenth century, so this new tutor wishes to wipe out all record of the religious enthusiasms of the thirteenth century. He does not like such things himself, and therefore they never happened. The old tutor only tried to conceal ten years, the new tutor tries to conceal two or three centuries. But I think he is eminently fitted to be a tutor at the old Austrian Court.

Other points have been noticed by other critics, mostly concerned with the disproportionate exaltation of Russian Communism. But I do not desire to dwell on them here, because I do not admit that it is a question of the rightness or wrongness of Communism. It is a question of the rational and natural way of writing history. And I say that to transport a European child suddenly into the middle of Asia, merely



THE BISHOP OF LONDON WITH "GENERAL" HIGGINS, CHIEF OF THE SALVATION ARMY: AN INTERESTING COLLOQUY BETWEEN TWO MEMBERS OF THE RELIGIOUS DEPUTATION ON DISARMAMENT.

because you wish to avoid any reference to Dante or St. Francis of Assisi, is not a natural way of writing history. To write as if Jews never existed, as if Jesus never existed, as if no Church or religious system founded in His Name ever existed, is not a natural way of writing history. And before we even come to discussing what is untrue, we have a right to suspect what is unnatural.



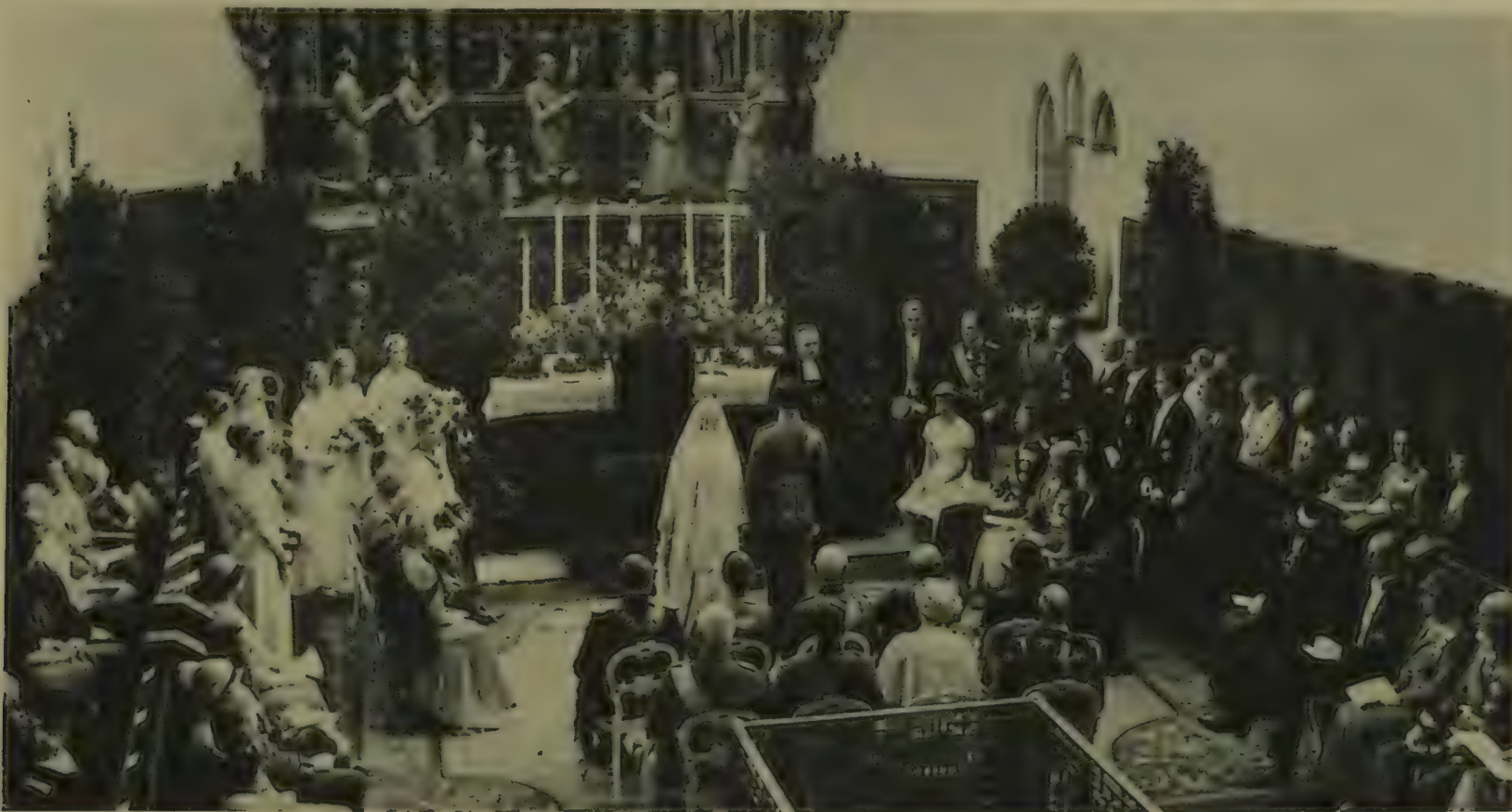
# THE COBURG ROYAL WEDDING: DESCENDANTS OF QUEEN VICTORIA.



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM AFTER THE CIVIL WEDDING: PRINCE GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, ELDEST SON OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN, AND PRINCESS SYBIL OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA LEAVING THE REGISTRY.



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM AFTER THE RELIGIOUS CEREMONY: PRINCE GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN AND PRINCESS SYBIL OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA LEAVING THE CHURCH OF ST. MORITZ AT COBURG.



THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY IN THE HISTORIC CHURCH OF ST. MORITZ AT COBURG: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM (PRINCE GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN AND PRINCESS SYBIL OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA) STANDING BEFORE THE ALTAR—IN THE PRESENCE OF A LARGE GATHERING OF ROYALTY.

THE marriage of Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden and Princess Sybil of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, both great-grandchildren of Queen Victoria, was solemnised in the Church of St. Moritz at Coburg on October 20. The civil wedding had taken place on the previous day. The bridegroom is the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Sweden, while the bride is a daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. The religious ceremony was attended by a distinguished company, including over sixty members

(Continued opposite.)



THE ROYAL WEDDING BREAKFAST IN THE CASTLE AT COBURG: A GENERAL VIEW SHOWING THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM (IN THE CENTRE BACKGROUND) SEATED SIDE BY SIDE, AND JUST OPPOSITE TO THEM EX-KING FERDINAND OF BULGARIA (ON THE NEAR SIDE OF THE TABLE AND WITH HIS BACK TO THE CAMERA).

of royal, princely, and ducal families. The British royal house was represented by Prince Arthur of Connaught, Lady Patricia Ramsay, Princess Alice Countess of Athlone and the Earl of Athlone, together with their daughter and son-in-law, Lady Abel Smith and Captain Abel Smith. The bride's father, who supports the Nazi movement, had invited Herr Hitler, but he was unable to be present. In the evening there was a torchlight procession through Coburg of 4000 Nazis and Nationalists.



## A MID-OCEAN "FLYING PLATFORM" ON LAND—AND ITS FLOATING DOCK COUNTERPART: "F.P. ONE"—INGENIOUS ARTIFICIAL ISLAND FILM

## "SETTINGS" ASHORE AND AFLOAT.



ON THE MID-OCEAN "FLYING PLATFORM" BUILT ASHORE: CONRAD VEIDT AS AN AIRMAN AND JILL EDMOND AS HEROINE, IN THE ENGLISH VERSION.



A FILM SCENE ON PART OF AN ISLAND MADE TO REPRESENT THE DECK OF THE FLOATING PLATFORM: THE MUTINEERS MAKING A DASH FOR THE LAUNCHES AFTER HAVING OPENED "F.P. ONE'S" FLOAT-VALVES.

A SCENE STAGED ON LAND ARRANGED AS THE "DECK OF THE FLOATING PLATFORM: THE INVENTOR AND COMMANDER OF THE ARTIFICIAL ISLAND, WITH A FEW LOYAL ADHERENTS, FACING MUTINEERS.



ON THE MID-OCEAN "FLYING PLATFORM" BUILT ASHORE: HANS ALBERS, AIRMAN, AND SYBILLE SCHMITZ, HEROINE, IN THE GERMAN VERSION.



A FLOATING DOCK, WITH A STRUCTURE (ON THE RIGHT) SPECIALLY BUILT FOR THE FILMING OF "WATER" EPISODES IN "F.P. ONE": TOWING THE DEVICE FROM HAMBURG TO CUNHAVEN.



PART OF A REAL ISLAND ARRANGED TO REPRESENT AN IMAGINARY OF GREIFSWALD COVERED WITH STEEL TO



ARTIFICIAL ISLAND IN MID-ATLANTIC: TWO ACRES ON THE ISLET SIMULATE "FLYING PLATFORM ONE."



THE SUPPOSED ARTIFICIAL ISLAND IN MID-ATLANTIC REPRESENTED ASHORE ON THE ACTUAL ISLAND OF GREIFSWALD, IN THE BALTIC: A VIEW FROM THE BEACH, SHOWING HOW THE "FLYING PLATFORM" WAS BUILT UP



THE IMAGINARY FLYING PLATFORM WHICH IS THE SCENE OF THE FILM "F.P. ONE": AN ENGINEER-ARTIST'S DESIGN, WITH PART OF THE PLATFORM SURFACE REMOVED (DIAGRAMMATICALLY) TO SHOW THE SUPPORTS BENEATH.

Our illustrations show the making of a new Gaumont-British-Ufa film entitled "F.P. One" and the special interest of this production is the highly ingenious device by which part of a real island was used to represent an imaginary artificial one. The name "F.P. One" stands for "Flying Platform 1," presented in the picture as an artificial island anchored in mid-Atlantic to serve as a landing-stage

for aircraft. It has an hotel for passengers, wireless to guide aeroplanes, hangars, fuel, food, and a staff of mechanics. There is, however, discontent among the crew, and an officer in the employ of a hostile body provokes them to mutiny. The valves of the great floats supporting the platform are opened, the wireless is wrecked, the aeroplanes are damaged, and the mutineers make off in the launches.



A SCENE BEING FILMED IN THE STRUCTURE ATTACHED TO TAKE TO THE BOATS AFTER THEIR ATTEMPT TO SCUTTLE THE "FLYING PLATFORM" BY OPENING THE VALVES.



THE FLOATING DOCK BORROWED FROM HAMBURG: MUTINEERS TAKE TO THE BOATS AFTER THEIR ATTEMPT TO SCUTTLE THE "FLYING PLATFORM" BY OPENING THE VALVES.

leaving the captain and loyal members of the crew gassed on the sinking "ship." Meanwhile, however, the captain's fiancée, unable to get a reply to her wireless calls from the mainland, flies out to the platform. Her machine crashes on the deck, but she escapes injury, and is able to revive the crew. The valves are quickly closed, but further dangers develop which make a dramatic story. The



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW, BY NIGHT, OF THE MID-ATLANTIC ARTIFICIAL ISLAND "F.P. ONE," AS REPRESENTED IN THE FILM OF THAT TITLE: AN IMPRESSION BY THE DESIGNER OF THE SETTING.

producer, Erich Pommer, chose as the setting the Baltic islet of Greifswald. Here he covered two acres, near the sea, with a steel and concrete surface representing "F.P. One." Scenes showing its lower deck and supports, with boats in the water, were "shot" in a special structure attached to a floating dock borrowed from Hamburg. There are three versions of the film—German, English, and French.



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## CONCERNING THE SWALLOW.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

ON two or three occasions during the second week in October I came across newspaper records of late swallows, birds whose migration had been

thereof, which is free to follow a line of evolution of its own; most emphatically so, since while all three species share the same fundamental structural features, not merely in regard to the structure of the skeleton, but also of the feathers, yet each has evolved a type of coloration so distinctive that ornithologists have come to regard them not merely as three distinct species, but three distinct genera.

to be seized in mid-air. And it is to be noted that this food is of the same kind in all—flies, gnats, and small beetles. The swallow seems to have a partiality for a small species of *Aphodius*, a dung-beetle, common in pastures, and liable to be forced to take wing when disturbed by the movements of grazing cattle. But I know of no observations as to whether the house-martin or the sand-martin has discovered this source of food, or, having done so, found it to their liking.

In the manner of their nesting these three birds are as unlike as they are in the fashioning of their bodies. The swallow and the house-martin seem to have found man—or at any rate his handiwork—really useful. His houses and his outbuildings afford them ideal sites for their nests, and thereby they are enabled to occupy territory otherwise uninhabitable during the all-important season of reproduction. Before man's advent as a house-builder they could only find sites for nests under ledges of cliffs or caves, where, indeed, many to this day still resort. But mark the differences in the site and the fashion of the nest. The swallow chooses the inside of a building, the martin the outside. The swallow builds a saucer-shaped nest, resting on a beam or rafter; the martin a cup-shaped nest, so close under the eaves of a house that it can be entered only through a small hole. But both construct the walls of the nursery of mud, brought up a pellet at a time, and cemented by saliva. What brought about these diverse methods?

Among the swallow tribe—that is to say, including all known species the world over—mud is the traditional building material. What, then, induced the sand-martin to break with tradition, and adopt the methods of the sapper? For this bird makes no use of mud, but instead drives tunnels, ranging from a few inches to a yard in length, with a chamber at the end, wherein is fashioned a rough litter of straw and feathers. On the sea-coast seaweed and gulls' feathers are used! This is a really remarkable feat, for no bird would seem to be less suitably fashioned for such a labour as this burrowing must entail, the beak and feet being of the feeblest type.

It would seem that we have here a factor that is commonly overlooked. It is, in short, an expression of the "mentality" of the builders. And what this means can best be realised by turning for the moment to the handiworks of man. The European, Indian, Chinese, and Japanese are all built on the same plan, so far as bones and muscles and nerves are concerned. They differ, it is true, in superficial characters, conspicuous among which is the colour of the skin. But none of these differences helps us to explain why their conceptions of Art are so vastly different.

is there any apparent "reason" for the forking. It does not seem to have any bearing on the mechanism of flight.

Why, again, do feathers clothe the legs and toes of the house-martin? And why, in the sand-martin, are they limited to a small tuft on the heel, generally overlooked by ornithologists? We meet with similarly feathered legs in the ptarmigan and the snowy owl, and in these two alone do we seem to find any "reason" for the peculiarity. For many species of owls have feathered legs, as also have grouse. If in the ptarmigan and snowy owl we ascribe to the feathers the function of keeping the toes warm, it will not explain any of the other cases.

Each of our three "swallows" has long, pointed wings. That we may safely attribute to the mechanism of their flight. Few birds, indeed, spend so much time on the wing, for every morsel of their food has



1. THE SWALLOW (*HIRUNDO RUSTICA*), SHOWING THE FEATURES IN WHICH THIS BIRD DIFFERS FROM ITS KIN, THE HOUSE-MARTINS; NAMELY, ITS LONG, SLENDER, OUTER TAIL-FEATHERS AND THE CHESTNUT-RED ON ITS THROAT; WHILE ITS MODE OF NEST-BUILDING IS ALSO DIFFERENT

The swallow is distinguished by its upper surface of a highly burnished steel-blue colour, relieved by a chestnut-red band across the forehead, and a throat patch of the same hue, the rest of the under-parts being of a creamy buff. The eggs of the swallow vary in size, and, unlike those of the house-martin and sand-martin, are spotted with reddish or purplish brown, and sometimes a ring of spots is formed.

held up by newly-fledged young, plainly to be seen in occupation of the nest. There is nothing new in such records, but they are interesting, inasmuch as they show that there are still people who cannot distinguish between the swallow and the martin. So long as this confusion lasts, so long must we receive with caution records of the "first swallow" or the "last swallow" of the season, as the case may be. For the first of the tribe to arrive is usually the sand-martin, and the last to leave may be any of these.

Doubtless most people can distinguish this trio when they see them at the nest, but they commonly fail to do so when on the wing. Yet there should be no difficulty, for each has very distinctive features. The swallow has the upper surface of a highly burnished, steel-blue colour, relieved by a chestnut-red band across the forehead, and a throat patch of the same hue, followed by a broad band of bluish-black, while the rest of the under-parts are of a creamy buff. Finally, the tail differs conspicuously from that of the other two species in that it is deeply forked, the outermost tail-feathers being produced into rod-like streamers. In young birds the plumage is duller, and the tail, though deeply forked, does not display the elongated outermost feathers.

The martin, or "house-martin," has no red on the head, and a broad white patch at the base of the tail, very conspicuous during flight, while the under-parts are wholly white. The tail, though forked, is much less so than in the swallow. But there is one particular in which the house-martin stands alone, since its short legs and toes are thickly covered with soft white feathers.

The sand-martin is not only a much smaller bird, but conspicuously dull-coloured, being of a uniform pale-brown above and having a band of the same hue across the fore-part of the breast, the rest of the under-parts being white. The tail is but slightly forked.

There can be no difficulty, then, in distinguishing these three species when living; but we should examine their skeletons to this end in vain. A study of these dry bones would, however, bring to light some profoundly interesting relationships. For, in the first place, they would remind us that the bony framework is older than the plumage, or rather the coloration



2. THE SMALLEST OF OUR SWALLOWS, WHICH HAS DEPARTED FROM THE CUSTOM OF ITS TRIBE IN ADOPTING THE METHODS OF THE "SAPPER": TWO SAND-MARTINS, BIRDS WHICH BUILD THEIR NESTS IN HOLES TUNNELLED IN THE SIDES OF SAND-PITS.

For the curious departure of the sand-martin (*Cotile riparia*) from the practice of the rest of its tribe in making its nest, no explanation is forthcoming. Why the sand-martin should have taken to burrowing instead of building mud nests is as mysterious as the development of the tail-feathers of the swallow and the feathered legs of the house-martin.



3. BY THE FEATHERED LEGS AND TOES AND THE LARGE WHITE PATCH ON THE LOWER PART OF THE BACK THE HOUSE-MARTIN (*CHELIDON URBICA*), SEEN HERE, MAY EASILY BE DISTINGUISHED FROM THE SWALLOW OR THE SAND-MARTIN.

The house-martin can always be distinguished at a glance by the large white patch at the base of the tail. The illustration here shows an immature bird with white tips to the wing feathers.



## THE LION TO KEEP AIRMEN FROM FLYING LOW OVER WHIPSNADE.



CUT OUT OF THE CHALK AS A SIGNAL TO PILOTS NOT TO FLY LOW AND TERRIFY THE ANIMALS OF THE "ZOO": A GIGANTIC FIGURE, ABOUT 150 YARDS HIGH AND 200 YARDS LONG, WITH AN INCOMPLETE PATCH OF NEARLY AN ACRE.

The authorities at Whipsnade, in accordance with a suggestion made by many members of the public, are constructing this colossal figure of a lion out of the native Bedfordshire chalk, in order that the animals of the great open-air "Zoo" should not be terrified by low-flying airmen. The figure will probably be completed in about a year's time, and will then be entirely white except for a little patch of turf for the lion's eye. It is interesting to notice that a set of peculiarly modern conditions should give rise to the construction of a figure very similar in effect to the prehistoric White Horse of the Berkshire

vale. This, the lion's prototype, with other figures of a like character elsewhere in England, probably dates from before the Roman occupation; but its exact purpose and origin have remained unknown. Many kinds of wild animals, it should be added, are frightened by the noise of aircraft. Photographs published in "The Illustrated London News" of June 20 and September 26, 1931, showed African herds of giraffes, zebras, ostriches, buffaloes, elephants, and hippopotami stampeded by an aeroplane's approach. Lions, on the other hand, are apt to greet such an intruder with defiance rather than flight.



# THE GENESIS OF THE TANK.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"EYEWITNESS": By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ERNEST D. SWINTON.\*

(PUBLISHED BY HODDER AND STOUGHTON.)

THIS is the tale of the germination and the fructifying of an idea which might have been the most important in the modern military history of England, if it had not been trampled on by blundering hobnailed boots. The tank was the only really original invention of the land-war: many enthusiasts contributed to its production and elaboration: but General Swinton, if not the "only begetter," has a better claim than any other Englishman to be considered (as the legal phrase has it) "the first and true inventor." He tells us, that the idea came to him from "a particular piece of knowledge and a particular frame of mind." The piece of knowledge was the recollection of an ingenious locomotive known as the Holt Caterpillar Tractor; the frame of mind was a deep conviction as to the one-sidedness of the duel between machine-gun and human being. General Swinton might have added, if modesty had not forbidden him, that another *causa causans* was a spirit of enterprise and resource which was in inverse ratio to that displayed by General Headquarters. The emotions produced in a certain type of military mind by General Swinton's idea are best illustrated by an anecdote recorded by Lt.-Col. Hennebert in his entertaining volume, "Nos Soldats." In 1793, Dr. Coutelle, one of the pioneers of captive balloons, reported with a balloon to General Jourdain, commanding the French Army. "A balloon!" exclaimed Jourdain. "What on earth is that? You seem to me to be a distinctly suspicious character, and I've a very good mind to have you shot." General Swinton was not shot. He was merely deprived of his command after he had created the tank and the Tank Corps. He was a man with a bee in his bonnet: and the buzzing of a bee was extremely disturbing to the atmosphere of intense intellectual concentration which prevailed at the War Office. He describes the adventures of his bee with good humour and restraint, never with bitterness; which is not only creditable to his patience, but is to the advantage of the reader, for it prevents the book from becoming querulous or losing the gay, tolerant tone which makes it such pleasant reading.

A word of preface about the machine-gun is necessary in order to understand the evolution of the tank. For years before the war, the German Army had been multiplying the machine-gun and devoting much attention to its technique. This was perfectly well known to our Intelligence. But the British Army did not "believe in" the machine-gun, and entered upon the war without it, or nearly without it. Within a very short time, it proved itself to be incomparably the most deadly weapon in the enemy's armoury. There is no need to dwell on its effectiveness, if the reader of these lines has had the same experience as the writer of them, and has seen an entire battalion exterminated by machine-guns in ten minutes of time. We are not now concerned with our Army's efforts—only partially successful—to "catch up" in this vital department of infantry warfare. The immediate problem was how to deal with the existing situation in the early stages of the war.

The solution hit upon by G.H.Q. had the genius of simplicity. It was, in effect, this: that our artillery should first advertise our intentions by "cutting" wire for two or three days and by "obliterating" the enemy's trench; and that the British infantryman should then advance across No Man's Land and occupy the enemy trenches. This the British infantryman would have been delighted to do, if (a) the wire had been cut, (b) the trench had been obliterated, and (c) he had not been shot dead by a machine-gun bullet the moment he left his trench. Simultaneously with the G.H.Q. conception of the offensive, another strategic principle held sway—namely, that it was

beneath the dignity of a British soldier to take any notice of enemy artillery. Adequate trenches, dug-outs, and field defences—in short, adequate siege works in a state of siege warfare—were of small account, for several reasons: (1) because, as General Swinton points out, the British Army has always neglected the spade; (2) because it was "bad for moral" that infantrymen should get into the habit of taking shelter; and (3) because at any moment the infantryman might leave his merely temporary trenches in order to "break through." The "break through" obsession was inevitable in a Headquarters Staff which consisted predominantly of cavalry officers. There was a *mot* once popular in Berlin: "First there is the All-Highest, then the cavalry officer, and then the cavalry officer's horse. After that there is nothing, and after nothing the infantry officer."

General Swinton, ever pestered by his bee, believed that these strategical dogmas might be improved upon. He had already given some evidence of foresight by advocating, long before the war, a system of "defence in depth" which was not discovered by the Allies until the war was nearly over, and was then found to be the only effective method of repulsing infantry and artillery attack. He wanted—in the briefest terms—a weapon of offence and defence against the machine-gun and barbed wire, to assist the infantry. The story of how he planted his five "seeds"; of how he found himself, by chance, collaborating with the Admiralty; of how Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George gave, and maintained, the decisive impetus; of how, after innumerable vicissitudes, tanks were produced, and how their sponsor created, Cadmus-like, a "Heavy Section" out

"The failure of an agricultural machine to perform an impossible task proved the death-knell of the War Office contribution to the solution of the problem of attacking machine-guns and wire by machines." Fortunately, however, the Admiralty was at work, and its intervention revived interest at the War Office by means of that most powerful of Whitehall stimuli—inter-departmental rivalry. As against these obstructionists, it is only fair to record that officers like Sir John French, Sir Douglas Haig, and Lord Cavan showed, if not an enthusiastic, at least sympathetic interest; and when once the work of construction and training had begun, General Swinton pays high tribute to the zeal with which many of the departments seconded his labours.

A great victory had been achieved over scepticism and obscurantism; and the sequel was that everything which had been gained was thrown away by the commanders in the field. In the course of his task, Sir Ernest Swinton had written two important memoranda. The first was a preliminary specification of the tank, and the second was a tactical exposition, admirable in its comprehensiveness and lucidity. Under the heading of "Impossibility of Repeated Employment," it was laid down in this memorandum: "These machines *should not be used in dribbles* (for instance, as they may be produced), but the fact of their existence should be kept as secret as possible until the whole are ready to be launched, together with the infantry assault, in one great combined operation." When the tanks reached France, the first procedure was to treat them like toys and to wear out their engines and their hastily trained crews in frivolous demonstrations; the second was to remove the senior officers who had most

(and, indeed, the only) experience of them; and the third was to fling them into the Somme battle in precisely the manner which their inventor had deprecated, but which he was powerless to prevent—the manner, too, which the French tank authorities had also deprecated with equal urgency. For nearly eighteen months thereafter, tanks were consistently employed in a way which General Swinton describes as "fatuous." The adjective is not too strong.

Machines weighing thirty tons, in the Passchendaele morass, were simply a contradiction in terms; and their effect was precisely the reverse of that for which they had been designed. Derelict tanks in the Salient became a bitter joke among the troops, and, far from helping the infantry in the impossible and inhuman task which they had been set, they merely added another depressing element to the tragedy. It was not until November 1917, at the Battle of Cambrai, that tanks were first used on the principle laid down by the Tactical Memorandum—which, it need hardly be said, had been completely neglected. Their mass-attack was both successful and economical, and might have been decisive if the advantage had been followed up, instead of being allowed to be cancelled out by a brilliant counter-attack.

In the result, there will always be difference of opinion as to the actual value of the tanks in the last war. There will be no less difference of opinion as to their value in the next

war—but that is not General Swinton's concern, nor can the layman express any view, for he does not know what types of monsters the nations are now secretly preparing. Doubtless we shall all know soon enough. The one thing certain is that, in the circumstances of their conception and birth, the whole value of the tanks lay in surprise. That is a strategic principle of which this expert in military science writes: "The supreme value in war of the 'element of surprise' is proclaimed almost *ad nauseam*. . . . Yet in the whole military art there is probably no precept to which we pay less attention." The entire history of the Great War supports this dictum.

Tanks did not constitute the whole of Sir Ernest Swinton's war. His experiences as "Eyewitness" and as Assistant Secretary to the War Council are no less interesting than the history of his "seeds." But for these we must again refer the reader to the volume itself.—C. K. A.



SOLD BY AUCTION FOR 875 DOLLARS: A PIECE OF TWELVE DOPPIE FROM MODENA, STRUCK BY FRANCESCO D'ESTE IN 1646—OBVERSE AND REVERSE OF A COIN FROM THE MOROSINI COLLECTION OF GOLD COINS AND MEDALS.



A TEN-DOBLA PIECE OF PEDRO I. THE CRUEL, OF SPAIN, 1350-1368—SOLD IN NEW YORK FOR 625 DOLLARS: OBVERSE AND REVERSE OF A COIN FROM THE MOROSINI COLLECTION, RECENTLY FOUND IN AMERICA.



A SUPERB GOLD MEDALLION OF THE GREATEST RARITY, ONE OF THE LARGEST EVER MADE, STRUCK BY CHRISTIAN V. OF DENMARK TO COMMEMORATE HIS TRIPLE VICTORY OVER THE SWEDISH FLEET IN 1677: OBVERSE AND REVERSE OF A MEDALLION OVER FIVE INCHES IN DIAMETER AND WEIGHING 14 OUNCES—SOLD FOR 600 DOLLARS.



Earlier in this month a magnificent collection of gold coins and medals, formed by the late Giovanni Morosini, was found in the United States and sold by auction by the American Art Association Anderson Galleries in New York. It was one of the finest collections of its kind ever made. Many of the coins were struck by great figures of Renaissance days.

of dragon's teeth: all this is too long and too complex a history to be reproduced here, and we warmly recommend the reader to seek it in "Eyewitness's" own vivacious pages. Mortals quietly carried on the work: what thought the Olympians? To Lord Kitchener the tank was "a pretty mechanical toy." Not from this book, but from other sources, we learn the opinion of Sir Henry Wilson, an officer who had a peculiar genius for being wrong about every vital issue of the war. "30th May, 1917. Earnestly begged Churchill not to bother his head about mechanical details as to the best form of Tank, and rubbish of that sort" (see Sir C. E. Callwell's "Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson"). General Rawlinson was adverse. The Engineer-in-Chief sarcastically desired the man with a bee in his bonnet to "come down from the realms of imagination." And in February 1915, the War Office, after one trial with a Holt Tractor, consigned the tank to limbo.

\* "Eyewitness: Being Personal Reminiscences of Certain Phases of the Great War, Including the Genesis of the Tank." By Major-General Sir Ernest D. Swinton, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., R.E. (Retired), "Ole Luk-Oie," Chichele Professor of Military History, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. (Hodder and Stoughton; 25s. net.)



# ROTHENSTEIN'S PORTRAIT DRAWINGS: CELEBRITIES AS A FAMOUS ARTIST SEES THEM.



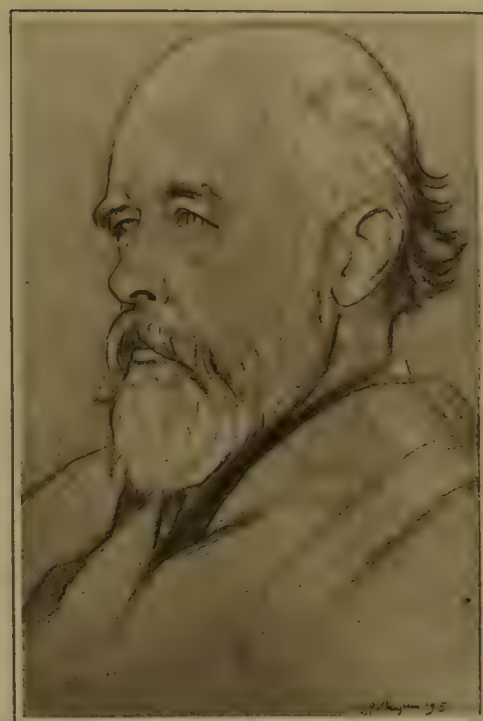
**EDMUND BLUNDEN.**

The well-known poet; author of "Undertones of War."



**VITA SACKVILLE-WEST.**

The novelist, whose works include the recent "All Passion Spent."



**SIR OLIVER LODGE.**

The physicist and writer on science and spiritualism.



**SIR JOHN REITH.**

Director-General of the B.B.C.; and a leading engineer.



**SIR ARTHUR KEITH.**

The famous anthropologist and Conservator of the Museum at the Royal College of Surgeons.



**SIR HERBERT BAKER, A.R.A.**

The great architect, and designer of South Africa House.



**WALTER DE LA MARE.**

The well-known poet and writer of children's verses.



**SIR JAMES FRAZER, O.M.**

The savant who has made fascinating reading of anthropology in the "Golden Bough."



**RUDYARD KIPLING.**

England's greatest living writer in the view of many.

ALL who read Sir William Rothenstein's "Men and Memories" are aware that he is at least as great a student of character as he is a draughtsman. When his shrewd and appraising glance is turned on the physiognomy of some of the leading personalities of our time, the result is one of the utmost interest. The portraits which we reproduce here form part of an exhibition of "Recent Portrait and Landscape Drawings," now being held by Messrs. Thos. Agnew and Sons at 43, Old Bond Street. These nine heads are, however, but a few of

(Continued opposite.)

the famous people who there look down from the walls. There Professor Sir Arthur Eddington is "No. 3" and Bernard Shaw "No. 4"; M. André Gide is neighbour to Sir Hubert Gough, G.C.M.G.; Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby is next Charles Conder, in this gathering of all the talents. There are Havelock Ellis and E. V. Lucas, Miss Lillah McCarthy and Gerhardt Hauptmann, T. S. Eliot and Sir Edwin Ray Lankester, to mention only a few of the names that, doubtless, will some day find their way into the history books.



# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ON a flying visit to Cambridge the other day I was rather saddened at finding that the forces of modernity had removed the old bookshop that was a favourite haunt of mine some forty years ago. It was there that I obtained all the apparatus for the classical "Trip"—my "Liddell and Scott," my "Lewis and Short" (good companions whom I still cherish), learned tomes on the Greek and Latin writers, and Teubner texts galore. From the same source came the materials for my unofficial literary pursuits. Thence I would bear back to my rooms, with secret joy, the two little monthly volumes of the Temple Shakespeare, and many another old friend that still lingers on my shelves. During my recent visit, of course, I ascended the familiar staircase, where

Another name was  
on the door,

and from the Kitchen Bridge at John's looked up at the old windows behind which I had formed my first bookish enthusiasms; revelled in Keats and Shelley, or wallowed in "In Memoriam," and had likewise absorbed "sweet reasonableness" from Matthew Arnold, and reasonableness unsweetened from Huxley—"great progenitor" of that ilk.

The disappearance of the old shop seemed a symbol of change in literary values, and a reminder that some, at least, of those former idols have been rather badly chipped, if not entirely knocked off their pedestals, by iconoclasts of a later dispensation. I have had the same sense of supersession in looking through a significant volume of modern essays called "THE GREAT VICTORIANS." Edited by H. J. Massingham and Hugh Massingham (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 8s. 6d.). Although a few of the essayists are, I think, coeval with myself, if not senior in the matter of *Anno Domini*, most of them belong to the new time, and the book is termed "the summing-up of one generation by another." The editors have carried out their scheme with great care and impartiality, and a catholic choice of contributors gives expression to every side of Victorian thought. Among them are many well-known writers. Mr. Chesterton has a congenial theme in his delightful study of Dickens; Mr. Hugh Walpole writes on Anthony Trollope; Mr. Frank Swinnerton on Thackeray; Professor Lascelles Abercrombie on Browning; Mr. R. H. Wilenski on Ruskin; and Professor G. Elliot Smith on Edward B. Tylor, the "father of anthropology."

In reading a few of the essays on literary subjects that appealed to me most, I confess to some slight disappointment. These modern critics fasten on minor faults and weaknesses (often due to the age more than the man), and overlook qualities which in former days we deemed admirable. Moreover, some of them hardly seem to have read their author very thoroughly, and are apt to use him, for the most part, as a peg whereon to hang their own general picture of his period. Such criticisms are penetrating as far as they go, but incomplete. It was something of a feat, for example, to discuss Matthew Arnold without specifically mentioning "Essays in Criticism," "Culture and Anarchy," or "Literature and Dogma." Of this last work, by the way, I have just picked up a copy for ninnence, to replace one which was lost, or lent to some unscrupulous borrower. Mr. Edmund Blunden would possibly consider that sum the measure of its worth, for he dismisses Arnold's prose writings as "altogether too technical," conveying the impression that they consisted almost wholly of educational reports.

I cannot accept as a complete "parable of Arnold's prose" the story that Renan (or some other recipient) left uncut the pages of a complimentary set of his "theological volumes." They did at least serve to ease, for many minds, the transition from faith to scepticism, causing incipient foes of religion to retain their affection for the Church as "a national society for the promotion

of goodness." Mr. Blunden finds Arnold's importance entirely in his poetry, of which he gives an appreciative study. Incidentally, he refers to him as "the only enduring poet in England's lengthy list with the Christian name Matthew," adding in a footnote, however, that he himself would accept the eighteenth-century poet, Matthew Green. Was there not also one Matthew Prior? But perhaps he also fails to pass the endurance test!

Similarly, in an essay on Tennyson, Mr. John Collier dwells too much, I think, on the poet's occasional descents into bathos, and does scant justice to his real greatness. He disparages Tennyson's perfection of verbal melody as being "venison-ripe" and "unhealthy," and rather belittles his pioneer work in giving poetic expression to the discoveries of science. Tennyson may not have been a very profound thinker, but his very lucidity is often apt to be mistaken for shallowness. Again, Mr. W. J. Turner seems to me to be a little hard on Swinburne, whom, by the way, if I remember right, Tennyson once described as a "blow-pipe" through which everything came out as music, or words

Dipping into the book at random, I have found it extremely seductive, and, when selecting from the index certain items to look up, I found myself enticed aside by something else on the way, and ended by forgetting what I originally set out to seek. It is perhaps the best test of an anthology that it proves satisfying at whatever page it is opened. I have also been astonished by the extraordinary number of authors quoted in so small a book, but it has none of the defects associated with undue compression. Paper and print are alike beautifully clear. Among the verse items, I notice Mr. Blunden's charming poem, "Forefathers" (recalling the "rude forefathers of the hamlet"), while Matthew Prior is represented by amusing lines about Charon and a drunken passenger crossing the Styx; and Matthew Arnold by the concluding passage of "Sohrab and Rustum," to my mind one of the "high spots" of descriptive blank verse in English poetry.

Mr. Blunden, in his above-mentioned essay, remarks that Arnold "did not care to invent 'beautiful lines' . . . while his laureated contemporary (Tennyson) was brooding over such accomplishments as though 'there all the honour lay.'" Personally, I must confess to a sneaking affection for such gems of poetic phrase—

Jewels five-words long,  
That on the stretched forefinger of all time  
Sparkle for ever.

Matthew Arnold, as a critic, loved to cite examples as touchstones of style, even if (according to Mr. Blunden) he was chary of producing them himself. Our present Laureate, who to "The Bedside Book" contributes "Tewkesbury Road"—a poem akin to Stevenson's "Songs of Travel"—is not given to polishing "the carven phrase." His verse, however, has a quality and charm of quite another sort, as exhibited once more in his latest work, "A TALE OF TROY." By John Masefield (Heinemann; 5s.). That quality is the power of incisive description, intensely realistic and objective.

Mr. Masefield's new poem is, I think, rather unequal. Here and there simplicity seems to come perilously near to the commonplace, and he is a little careless of the niceties of metre. He habitually (perhaps deliberately) makes two syllables, in scansion, of words like hour, fire, lyre, or byre. I shudder to think what that exact prosodist, Mr. Punch, would say if I submitted to him, as a complete line of blank verse, the following statement about the fall of Troy—

The city was all ours in the hour.

The editorial comments, I imagine, would have been (hitherto at least) couched in seamanlike blank prose—that is, prose with blanks in it.

For the most part, however, this new tale of Troy divine, told by various characters, moves with dignity and directness. No one need accuse Mr. Masefield of challenging comparison with Homer. His object, I take it, was rather to re-tell, briefly and simply, some of the main episodes, and so provide a new approach to the Iliad for readers who have no Greek and, jibbing at translations, might otherwise neglect it altogether. For my part, I have greatly enjoyed Mr. Masefield's work, which kindles the imagination, bringing out fresh phases of the immortal story, and I welcome it as tending to stir popular interest in the literature of classical antiquity.

As Mr. Masefield, essentially a narrative poet, has in that respect some kinship with the verse of Scott, I have thought it relevant to dig out a passage from Matthew Arnold's little book, "On Translating Homer," where he compares the battle pieces of Scott and Homer. "The ballad-manner and the ballad-measure," we read, ". . . cannot worthily render Homer. And for one reason: Homer is plain, so are they; Homer is spirited, so are they; but Homer is sustainedly noble, and they are not. . . . Homer has not only the English vigour, he has the Greek grace. . . . Homer's grandeur is not the mixed and turbid grandeur of the great poets of the north, of the authors of *Othello* and *Faust*; it is a perfect, a lovely grandeur. Certainly his poetry has all the energy and power of the poetry of our ruder climates; but it has, besides, the pure lines of an Ionian horizon, the liquid clearness of an Ionian sky." Is "liquid" here, by any chance, a misprint for "limpid"? When the sky is liquid, I generally take my umbrella.—C. E. B.



THE "TREASURE OF THE WEEK" AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A TAPESTRY PANEL OF THE "PRODIGAL SON" REMARKABLE FOR ITS FINE WEAVING AND THE SKILFUL ADAPTATION OF THE SUBJECT TO THE TECHNIQUE. (21 BY 20½ IN.)

The Prodigal Son was a favourite subject for tapestries at all periods. Towards the close of the sixteenth century, an unknown artist made a set of six designs for a series of tapestry cushions. Since one of them imitates Durer's famous engraving, the six illustrations of the parable were probably not original but adapted from earlier works. At least three sets of cushions were woven with these designs somewhere in Flanders, probably in Antwerp, and this cushion-cover shows the third scene in a set of six.

By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. (Crown Copyright Reserved.)

to that effect. Swinburne was certainly a trifle frothy, but he gave us many beautiful things, such as the choruses of "Atalanta in Calydon" (not mentioned here) and shed new glamour on the Homeric world, or the fabled voyage of Argo—

Where the narrowing Symplegades  
whitened the straits of Propontis  
with spray.

There is a certain affinity between a literary symposium, such as we have just been considering, and an anthology. In this latter category an alluring new example is "THE BEDSIDE BOOK": A Miscellany for the Quiet Hours. Selected and Arranged by Arthur Stanley (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.). The publisher does not allow me to forget that Mr. Hugh Walpole has described this book as "the best anthology ever made by man." I can only go so far myself as to say that it is the best I remember to have seen, for I cannot claim to have read quite all the others. As it gives both prose and verse, it does not compete with a collection such as "The Golden Treasury." The great charm of Mr. Stanley's book is its infinite variety and its general spirit of cheerfulness, nicely calculated to induce pleasant dreams. Personally, I have never been much given to reading in bed, considering an arm-chair, on the whole, more comfortable, but, as Mr. Stanley points out, there are many people who remain in bed besides those who do not want to get up. He hopes also that it may prove a friendly companion on journeys.



A MAGNIFICENT EXAMPLE OF ROMAN PORTRAITURE IN STONE: A FULL-LENGTH STATUE OF THE EMPRESS AGRIPPINA (THE MOTHER OF NERO) RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE MINNEAPOLIS INSTITUTE OF ARTS.

This statue of Agrippina was found in Pompeii. Early in the nineteenth century, Murat, appointed King of Naples by Napoleon, sent it to France as a present to one of his friends, and it remained in that country until a year or so ago. Purchased through the Dunwoody Fund, it is now in the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. It was made during Agrippina's lifetime. By her first marriage, Agrippina was the mother of the Emperor Nero. She is accused of poisoning her second husband. Her third was her own uncle, the Emperor Claudius, whom, eventually, she also poisoned. She was murdered by her own son, Nero.





THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY PHOTOGRAPHS OF AIR-FIGHTING EVER TAKEN.—NO. 8: A HUNTED D.H. (LEFT CORNER) "SLIPPING AWAY IN A HURRY . . . WITH PART OF THE PACK OF YELPING WOLVES TICKLING HIS TAIL."

On this page and on the two following pages, we continue our remarkable series of photographs of air-fighting during the Great War. All the photographs, like those in our issues of October 8 and October 22—Nos. 1 to 7—were taken by a British pilot while he was actually engaged against the enemy in the air. The following extract from his diary concerns this particular picture: "*Tuesday*. Got all excited this morning, pressed wrong trigger and snapped shutter too soon but got good picture, even if it is a little blurry. Tommie, as usual, is in the limelight where he likes to be, and just between his wing tip and fin is Chilly. Got one of the D.Hs. as he was slipping away in a hurry into the clouds, with part of the

pack of yelping wolves tickling his tail. We had been patrolling above the low clouds when spotted flight of D.Hs. staggering along with load of fresh eggs for starving Huns. Suddenly Chilly signalled 'E.A.S.' and we altered course to divert their attention to us and away from D.Hs., but Huns canny lot, kept well up and got into the sun. Then came down like winged bricks on bombers. We came down too, but they got there first and as D.Hs. broke up and dived into clouds we jumped on tails of Albatrosses. In second all in damp fog, and when we came out below found Hun sitting on my tail, shooting steel through my wings. D.Hs. . . . good lot of scrappers, and we kept at Huns like swarm of wasps."

PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE COCKBURN-LANGE COLLECTION. (COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.) SEE ALSO PAGES 664 AND 665.



THE following extract from the diary of the British pilot who took the photographs which form our series while he was actually fighting the enemy in the air describes the snapshot reproduced on the left: "Sunday. Got a two-seater to-day and also damned good snap of it. Wing phoned through that plane was over — taking photos and ordered us to shoot it down. . . . That pilot was no novice. In a second sky was mad whirl of lead-spitting planes. In the excitement saw two-seater climb out of the mess and instead of skipping home went about flying over our trenches. Suddenly dawned on me blighter was going to get his pictures or bust. Left rest and stole after him. Obs. saw me and pilot turned frequently to let obs. shoot bursts at me as I followed under his tail. . . . I split — around like a wasp with a flea under his tail. Every time I got him in a blind spot pilot would bank and obs. give me short burst. Tracers sped past me at all angles. . . . For a second I lost him, then saw him gliding back to his lines with lost prop. That pilot had guts. Came down on them but obs. gave me another short burst. . . . Didn't shoot back but flew up close where obs. gun could not train and pointed towards our lines. He made a wide turning . . . and slowly glided west over our lines. I kept close in a blind spot and then watched him make beautiful landing in rough ground. What a pilot! Tommies were around in a second, but chumps didn't have enough sense to make them get out with hands up. I saw obs. lifting pilot out, then quickly duck into cockpit, second later machine was on fire. . . . Bucked over picture I got, though. Shows Blackie trying to get him from above while I tried to shoot him from the side."



THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY PHOTOGRAPHS OF AIR-FIGHTING EVER TAKEN IN THE WAR.—NO. 9: "BLACKIE TRYING TO GET HIM FROM ABOVE WHILE I TRIED TO SHOOT HIM FROM THE SIDE." (NOTE THE GERMAN GUNNER.)

PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE COCKBURN-LANGE COLLECTION. (COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.) SEE ALSO PAGES 663 AND 665.



THE snapshot on the right is the last photograph taken by the British pilot before he was killed during the Great War. The following extract from his diary describes it: "*Saturday.* My guardian angel hasn't deserted me yet. And one look at the picture I got to-day shows why. . . . Noticed some Archie bursting all around some E.A. and watched their wings flashing in the sunlight. Altered course and climbed east. Fritz A.A. began to give us some attention. Counted eight Huns but decided to let them alone, when spotted two-seater we were after sneaking back over the lines. Signalled Scrim and Bossie and we went after the blighter like three devils kicked out of Heaven. Glanced back and Fokkers were right on our tails. Decided there was just a cat in hell's chance of our getting the beggar before the scouts could catch us. Like a stupid fool I over-shot the two-seater, but Bossie managed a burst into it and she nosed home. Then in for nice set-to with Fokkers. Missed one good chance, but luckily they were only an average lot of fighters. Scrim pipped one and I saw it go down in flames. One clumsy blockhead nearly barged into me once and it took the wind out of my sails for a moment. Three of them kept me on the jump and couldn't shake them off, even though I turned RIP inside out. Caught glimpse of Scrim and Bossie fighting like gladiators. Suddenly got on the tail of one of the Huns and got in a short burst but couldn't watch him. Didn't see him any more so must have hit him. Were few hundred feet over Hun trenches when Fokkers left us. When we landed Tacks rushed out from orderly room to know why the hell we hadn't got it. The damn thing was over—again!"



THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY THE BRITISH PILOT BEFORE HE WAS KILLED.—NO. 10 OF OUR SERIES:  
"BOSSIE MANAGED A BURST INTO IT AND SHE NOSED HOME."

PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE COCKBURN-LANGE COLLECTION. (COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.) SEE ALSO PAGES 663 AND 664.



A NUMBER of the objects that have been found in Luristan still await satisfactory interpretation. Perhaps the few human figures that are rendered with some care have been a little neglected. Fig. 8 shows a statuette, apparently of solid silver, which has a decided character and is unusually naturalistic. This piece was said by the natives of Luristan to have been found at the southernmost end of the Luristan valleys; and just what are these button-like seals of which Fig. 7 is an interesting example? The small animals of terra-cotta, which closely resemble some found in Mesopotamia and Egypt, usually ascribed rather vaguely

of visitors by Islamic theologians, to protect their eyes from the cruel light. One may see children or even men holding their hands before their eyes, peering out from the tiniest crevice between the fingers. Moreover, the silver eye-glass spirals are so eminently practical that they are now being copied and manu-

factured by Mesopotamians for actual use by mountaineers and explorers who are exposed to excessive light. Glass is dangerous and impracticable, because it is subject to breakage and easily becomes opaque by the accumulation of snow dust. To obviate these defects, the best protectors are oval metal discs, with a tiny cross opening opposite the pupil; but as these openings are constantly rendered useless by being filled with flying snow, a little spike dangles from the corner with which to scrape the openings free. The spiral protectors, however, have many advantages. If the snow fills up the crevices, a snap of the fingers shakes them free. The tiny openings between

## MORE LIGHT ON THE MYSTERIOUS "EYE GLASS SPIRALS"; AND OTHER

By ARTHUR UPHAM POPE. (In continuation)

by the opaque protectors. Being of bright polished silver, and so reflecting the light from behind, they do not throw a black area on the field of vision; what area they interrupt appears white and blank, which is quite easily filled in by a normal visual process of substitution, just as the blind spot of the fovea is filled up. The modern eye-protectors being constructed on the Luristan model have taken advantage of the spiral construction to project each oval into a little spiral cone open at the peak. This has an important advantage of protecting the eyeball from injurious and distracting sideways beams of light. There is no reason to suppose that originally these protectors took conical form.

Although these spirals are so extraordinarily practical, better in fact and principle than anything of modern devising, we cannot prove that they actually were used originally for eye-protectors, so that further possibilities must also be explored. They may, for example, have some connection with the ancient Oriental superstition of the Evil Eye. This potency of glance, which the superstitious in both the ancient and the modern Orient have so feared, and which has been such a feature of both European and Oriental love poetry, has recently had amusing scientific confirmation by some physicists at Cornell University, who have proved by well-controlled experiments that the light reflected from the pupil actually has a certain photo-chemical, or possibly radiant, activity, which is subject to measurement. Whether these eyespirals were used to enhance the magical potency of the glance of some priest or king, or some ceremonial purpose, must also remain speculative. But at least there

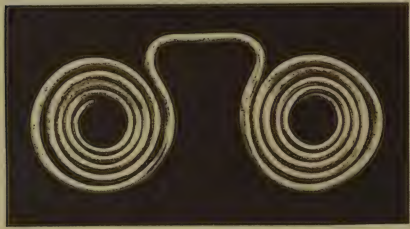


FIG. 1. A MYSTERIOUS OBJECT OF THE TYPE KNOWN TO ARCHEOLOGY AS "EYE-GLASS SPIRALS": AN EXAMPLE FROM THE KUBAN DISTRICT, VARIOUSLY EXPLAINED AS AN ORNAMENT, A DRESS-FASTENER, AN AMULET, OR AS AN ACTUAL EYE-PROTECTOR AGAINST THE SUN.



FIG. 2. A SPEAR-POINT INSCRIBED "THE PROPERTY OF GIMIL-ISHTAR, WHO BELONGED TO THE PERIOD OF DUNGI, OF THE THIRD DYNASTY OF UR (2399-2282 B.C.): A WEAPON OVER 4000 YEARS OLD.

to the second Millennium B.C., deserve much more study than they have received so far. Fig. 3 shows an excellently rendered frog. What is their date and what were they for?

One mysterious object (Fig. 1) belongs to a group called by archaeologists "eye-glass spirals." These eye-glass spirals appear in the Kuban district, and are found all the way across Europe, from the Danube and Hungary to the northern districts. There is some reason for thinking that they originated in the East. Similar double spirals, though less carefully made, have been reported by Professor Herzfeld from Western Persia.<sup>1</sup> No wholly satisfactory explanation of their use or meaning has yet been supplied. Some have thought they were simple ornaments; others, that they were clasps by which a garment or collar was fastened, the buttons snapping through the opening and as readily released; but they seem unduly complicated for such a purpose, and in the Jacks Collection there is a simple clasp found in Luristan that would do the work more surely and effectively. If they were coat-fasteners, there was certainly a further motive, either decorative or ritualistic, which dictated this particular form. Other scholars, more cautious, have classified these spirals as amulets of some sort. But there is always a danger that the notion of the amulet may become an easy catchall for unsolved problems. The designation ought really to be regarded as a question mark. The particular pair of eye-glass spirals illustrated (Fig. 1) have a pupillary distance of .55 cm., which, although a little narrow, is quite normal, and it is possible that they were designed for some use connected with the eyes. The spirals themselves are about the size of the eyeball.

It is reasonable, therefore, to search for possible uses for such an implement. The necessity of protecting the eyes from glare, whether from sand or snow, in the high and more or less desert regions of Central and Western Asia, is universal and pressing. Painful types of ophthalmitis and iritis are among the commonest afflictions of the district, and the natives have to-day sought, by various means, despite the prohibition



FIG. 3. ONE OF SEVERAL BRONZE DAGGERS OR SHORT SWORDS OF THE THIRTEENTH OR TWELFTH CENTURY B.C., WITH A DATING INSCRIPTION AT THE BUTT OF THE BLADE: AN EXAMPLE IN THE LOUVRE IDENTICAL WITH THAT SHOWN IN FIGS. 4 AND 5.

the spirals permit of a larger area of observation, ordinary objects and movements being plainly visible at various divergent angles—a great advantage and far more normal than the completely blank area which is imposed on the field of vision

are such interesting possibilities in these appliances that speculation on their significance is quite as commendable as setting them away on the dark shelf of the amulet classification.

The theory of a practical intention behind the fabrication of these pieces, however, has to take account of the great variety of size and shape of the pieces from the Kuban district that are in the Hermitage. Some of the spirals are tiny, some huge. A practical use for all of them is out of the question. The biggest cannot be coat-fasteners, as there is no hole in the centre for a button, nor can the smallest be eye-protectors, as the pupillary distance is less than that of an infant. It is always possible, however, that what may have originally been intended for practical use is copied later and elsewhere for decorative or ritualistic purposes.

Some recent finds throw a decisive light on the antiquity of the Luristan culture and make possible the dating of some of the types. The whole problem is, of course, still tormented by the absence of any dependable report as to what kinds of objects were found together. Even an observer like Mr. Rahim, who had perhaps the best qualifications and opportunities of any observer who has so far been properly questioned, was unable to state with absolute assurance which types of pieces were found together. As fast as a grave was opened, the bronzes were gathered and assorted according to value, in order to settle the prompt and ferocious quarrels that arose over the division of the spoils. In their animistic greed, the ignorant and poverty-stricken Lurs have devoured much precious

## LURISTAN DISCOVERIES:

INTERESTING FINDS, SOME OVER 4000 YEARS OLD.

of his previous Article in our last issue.

historical information. Of the dated pieces the earliest is the bowl (Fig. 9), in the University Museum, Philadelphia. Professor Stephen Langdon of Oxford reads the inscription as follows: "Dedicated to Sargalisarri, fifth King of Agade, by his servant Shakhbelli." This puts the vessel between 2624 and 2603 B.C. Doubt has been raised as to whether this piece was actually found in Luristan or whether it was brought in from Mesopotamia, but on this point definite assurance can be given. It was found in Luristan, and there is no reason to suppose that any pieces similar to the Luristan bronzes have been brought into Persia. For one reason, the Customs entry is too strict and difficult, and for another, there has been a better market in Baghdad for Luristan wares than in Persia itself. The next dated piece, a sort of spouted basin (Fig. 10) from the Lohman Collection in Teheran, is even more interesting.

Professor Langdon reads the inscription as follows: "Dedicated to the moon goddess, Ningal, by Inzundamash the scribe, son of Ward-sin, who was the twelfth King of Elasar, 2110-2099 B.C." It is signs that, although the inscription on this little spouted basin is in Sumerian, the name of

FIG. 7. ONE OF THE BUTT-LIKE SEALS OF UNKNOWN PURPOSE: A PUZZLING LITTLE POTTERY DISC PERFORATED IN THE MIDDLE.



FIG. 9. A BOWL BEARING THE INSCRIPTION "DEDICATED TO SARGALISARRI, FIFTH KING OF AGADE, BY HIS SERVANT SHAHIBELLI" (2624 TO 2603 B.C.): THE EARLIEST OF THE DATED PIECES FROM LURISTAN.

the scribe who signs it is not Sumerian, an indication that the piece was probably of local manufacture. The vessel has thick walls and its material is somewhat similar to the two early spouted vessels owned by Mr. Jacks in Teheran, which Professor Herzfeld nearly two years ago designated as 2000 B.C., a dating that would seem to be confirmed by the Luristan piece.

Another interesting dated piece is a copper spear-point (Fig. 2) in the collection of Mrs. Christian Holmes of New York. Professor Langdon reads the inscription: "The property of Gimil-ishtar." Gimil-ishtar was of the period of Dungi of the Third Dynasty of Ur, 2399-2282 B.C. This lance-point seems to have been either the personal property of the King or of a member of some regiment of royal troops, perhaps

<sup>1</sup> Analysis of a false piece, made by Lohman and Co., New York.

<sup>2</sup> In the clean, solid metal, after removing patina: Copper, 8.79% tin, 0.66% arsenic, 0.26% sandy matter, 0.10% iron, trace—perhaps 91 to 92% silver, present in very small proportions—approximately 5.8% per ton.

<sup>3</sup> Antimony, lead, zinc, nickel, cobalt were not found, even in small quantities. Freshness from these metallic impurities indicates that the metal is modern rather than ancient.

characteristics which tie it up to a considerable number of other vessels and fragments that have been found in Luristan. It is at least proof that this region was occupied, not so important, as early as the third millennium B.C. No other inscribed or strictly datable pieces have so far appeared until the thirteenth or twelfth century B.C., but from this period there are a number of daggers or short swords with a brief dating inscription at the butt of the blade, two in the British Museum, one in the Louvre Museum, one in the National Museum in Teheran, one owned by Mrs. Christian Holmes (Figs. 4 and 5), and one in the art trade. The inscription on the Holmes sword, which duplicates that on the Louvre piece, Professor Langdon reads as follows: "Property of Marduk-nadin-akhe, King of the Universe." On the reverse side, "Son of Ninkun-nadin-akhe, King of Babylon" (cir. 1123-1113).

The suggestion has been made that perhaps these pieces were brought into Luristan and left there as the result of some encounter—that they are, in short, battle debris. This hypothesis is hardly tenable, for several reasons. In the first place, there are too many of them to have had such a casual origin; in the second place, Rahim, Rabenou, and several others report that they are from widely scattered sources in various parts of the district; and in the third place they have, according to information from various sources, all been found in tombs. At least fifty swords of this type have already come to light; some observers think many more.

These dated pieces, together with irrefutable arguments of Herzfeld, Godard, Dussaud, Sarre, Moortgat, Langdon, Legrange, Rostovtzeff, and other scholars, as well as the instructive relations of some of these pieces to objects from Assyrian sources and revealing connections with Hittite and Sumerian finds, quite dispose of a curious attempt to date the Luristan bronzes as no earlier than Parthian or even as late as the first centuries of the Christian era. As has been frequently pointed out, there is not a single piece of the slightest trace of Greek influence in any of the Luristan material, and yet we know that

these bronzes have been held for both their historical and their artistic interest, and the complete cessation of supplies of authentic objects, have, despite the economic stringency which for a time paralyzed antique buying, nevertheless attracted to the market a certain number of falsifications.

The failure of the first falsifications made in Persia, together with the difficulty of export, discouraged Hecatan efforts. But more dangerous forgers, who have not yet been satisfactorily identified, have appeared elsewhere. They have made a number of bits and smaller harness ornaments which at first sight appear genuine. The patina, however, is artificial and dry, turns permanently black when touched with oil, and may be scraped off, revealing underneath a curious bright grey metal, the analysis of which showed certain ingredients, which do not accord with the analyses of genuine bronzes made by Professor Desch before the forgers had had a chance to ply their nefarious trade.

A suggestion has been made that these are the work of Hindu craftsmen in Baghdad. Another, and perhaps more plausible, suggestion is that they are made in Paris. The problem is being investigated, and will be discussed in a forthcoming monograph, by the writer, on Persian falsifications.

Although we may feel confident that all the typical pieces of Luristan craftsmanship have been published, or will be as soon as the "Survey of Persian Art" is issued, the problem is not yet fully exhausted, for there still await scientifically controlled material.

There are, in various parts of Luristan, large mounds which were fortunately too big to have been destroyed by the crude efforts of a local tribesman. We do not yet know what they contain of importance, if anything. It is more than probable, however, that scientific excavation of these mounds would yield new and decisive material that would finally settle this whole problem of the Luristan culture in its relations to that of Elam, Sumer, Babylonia, Assyria, Scythia, and the regions of the Caucasus, Armenia, and the West Caspian, and thus throw new light on the development of art in Western Asia.

FIGS. 4 AND 5. TWO SIDES OF A BRONZE DAGGER OR SHORT SWORD IDENTICAL WITH THAT SHOWN IN FIG. 3: (LEFT) THE OVERSE SIDE INSCRIBED "PROPERTY OF MARDUK-NADIN-AKHE, KING OF THE UNIVERSE"; (RIGHT) THE REVERSE SIDE INSCRIBED "SON OF NINKUN-NADIN-SUMI, KING OF BABYLON" (CIRCA 1123-1113 B.C.).

FIG. 10. A LITTLE SPOUTED BASIN INSCRIBED (IN SUMERIAN) "DEDICATED TO THE MOON GODDESS, NINGAL, BY INZUNDAMASH THE SCRIBE, SON OF WARD-SIN"; AN OBJECT DATED FROM THE FACT THAT WARD-SIN WAS THE TWELFTH KING OF ELASAR (2110-2099 B.C.).



# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

## "CHILDREN IN UNIFORM": A PLAY AND A PLEA.—EMIL LUDWIG'S "VERSAILLES."

TO many who witness this poignant play of "Children in Uniform," already rendered popular and renowned by Miss Leontine Sagan's masterly film, it would appear strange that it is an actual picture of happenings after the war. It seems hard to conceive that whereas militarism in Germany has had its day (*pro tem.*, I fear!), the iron rod and the mailed fist still survive in the subsidised schools—the *Stifts*—where more or less poor girls of officers are brought up in lovelessness and stark discipline. Yet we can not only take the authoress, Frau Christa Winsloe's, word for it, but it is confirmed by other educational authorities. This play is not sheer fiction; I would call it tempered realism just direct enough to make us feel what the authoress is driving at. And at this juncture I would point out that children is not the equivalent of *Mädchen*, a general term to describe female adolescence. To call them children is to alter the whole meaning and tendency. For undoubtedly Frau Winsloe attacked with a mind to reform. She demands human—aye, humanitarian—treatment for this growing youth of the nation, instead of the one purpose to make them disciplined, dutiful mothers of soldiers, in other words, robots. Hence the weird duplicity of the girls' behaviour—deference and obedience before the granite headmistress; all manner of evasions, from "larking" and reading of forbidden books, as soon as the magistral backs are turned. Hence the amorous wave of all these burgeoning natures towards the one whose warm heart and kindly eyes attract them all as if by magic. Hence at the end the tragedy of Manuela—no compromise, as in the film, but a cruel ending, because, from her point of view, her disgrace and her parting from the beloved teacher meant the end of all things.

It is these hard truths that Frau Winsloe wants to drive home. And thus, with great dexterity and feeling, she portrays every one of the girls, every mistress, as an individual unit, and shows how the system operates on them. The ethical side of the play leaves nothing to be desired. It probes the problem with due regard to side-issues, but it does not insist on that which might be misconstrued. Undoubtedly, the hero-worship here described exists in schools, and as such it has its pure and its perverted aspects. The authoress evidently wants to convince us, and rightly,

that every human being, particularly in the years of development, has a right to loving solicitude and understanding. Deprive them of these two great generating forces, and they will grow up like a plant bereft of sunshine.

The great quality of this play, that, despite its German

and when he has struck home there is no verbal salve to mitigate the wound. The character of Lloyd George in the play is as cruel as it is unjust. So is the frustration of President Wilson, who becomes here a humanitarian weakling bordering on mental deficiency. On the other hand, Clemenceau, the central figure of the whole play and the wire-puller of all the dramatic marionettes, the tiger who indulges in a specious cat-and-mouse game with the British Premier and mauls poor Wilson about as if he were a rubber ball, is drawn in exaggeration, but with many of the traits which have made the figure historical. He is in every sense the master of the situation. But for him all these speeches in council and *in camera* would be as flat as a Foreign Office Blue Book recited *viva voce*.

Interesting in episodes when performed on the stage, I should say that "Versailles"—of which we only heard a curtailed form and that lasted four hours—is essentially a play to read. Ludwig's knowledge, his comprehension of diplomatic complications, are enormous. He literally bombards us with facts, and even figures, long since forgotten, which in their multitude and abstractness bewilder us. They may be fascinating to the few initiates who were directly associated with the Peace Conference;



"CHILDREN IN UNIFORM," THE TRAGIC PLAY CONCERNING AN ARISTOCRATIC PRUSSIAN GIRLS' SCHOOL, AT THE DUCHESS THEATRE: MANUELA (JESSICA TANDY) TAKES PUNCH WITH HER SCHOOL-FELLOWS AFTER HER PLAY-ACTING SUCCESS AND GETS DRUNK.

"Children in Uniform" is the English stage version of Christa Winsloe's remarkable play, "*Mädchen in Uniform*," recently seen in London as a film. It presents life in a German school for the daughters of aristocrats. The discipline is Prussian in its strictness. Manuela, the new girl, turns to the kind school-mistress, *Fräulein von Bernburg*, for affection; but, when she gets over-excited after her success in the theatricals and boasts of her love, she is "sentenced" to solitary confinement and separation from *Fräulein von Bernburg*. This harsh punishment has tragic results: she jumps from a window.

origin, achieved a triumph in English at the Duchess Theatre, is that its ethical value is equalled by its dramatic force; although split up into many tableaux, the tide is ever rising; that it is written tersely, never straying into high falutin', flowery language or philosophic contemplations beyond the heads of the audience; that from the first we are initiated into the drabness of these young lives, on which the figure of the beloved mistress sheds the balm of a rainbow; that tragedy is the unavoidable issue of young Manuela's groping and craving. She is the German girl incarnate of the old school; if she had lived, her *credo* would have been *Küche, Kinder, Kirche*; but she could not endure to curb herself to that destiny, and so in her mortal agony, her despair, her disgrace, her disillusion, her hopeless love cruelly blighted by the rule of the school, she saw no other issue than self-immolation. Undoubtedly "Children in Uniform" is what the Germans call a play of "tendency." But it is as fair as it is poignant. It is tense drama as well as a work of art, superbly produced and acted.

In our land of quaint traditions and legislation it is easy to circumvent the Censor and to produce on the stage exactly what one likes, provided it is done under the cloak of a society of members accepting no money at the doors. It has been tried many times, but rarely so effectively as by the new Independent Theatre Club, which came forward with a glittering programme of plays, most foreign, and, aided by the name of Mr. Komisarjevsky as producer, attracted the theatrical connoisseurs and gourmets in large numbers. With a membership of over two thousand—so I hear—and many knocking vainly at the portals of the overflowing Kingsway Theatre, the new campaign began auspiciously and well. Nor shall we blame the directors that as a send-off they selected "Versailles," by Emil Ludwig—two names to conjure with, the one because it made history, the other because it is attached to many volumes of truly great biography. Yet, powerful and dramatic as Herr Ludwig is in his memorable books, in this play he appears as a dramatist by *tour de force* instead of one innately dowered with the gift of theatrical projection. At the first glance, at moments, one would be tempted to compare his method to Shaw's. But Shaw is mostly trenchant; his satire is of the rapier, and his vivid imagination lifts him over impediments and stiles. And Ludwig is blunt; he hits with a club,



"CHILDREN IN UNIFORM," AT THE DUCHESS THEATRE: THE "MILITARY" HEADMISTRESS (CATHLEEN NESBITT) TELLS FRÄULEIN VON BERNBURG (JOYCE BLAND) THAT DISCIPLINE MUST BE MAINTAINED AT ALL COSTS.

to the rest of us they are as caviare, and heavy to digest. There are many side-issues which would lend themselves to comment, but I fear would be out of place in our pages. Thus Clemenceau's as it were "aside" estimate of Lloyd George, who wisely refused an invitation to be present at the first night. Thus the part played by a financier who, after the conclusion of peace, yielded to the plea for armaments by the smaller European powers. Thus again, Clemenceau's violent and vitriolic criticism of Foch and Poincaré, sallies which may please the crowd, but which, in the light of events, are niggardly and in bad taste. These strange excursions should, however, be contrasted with the exquisite scene in which Clemenceau and Lloyd George, in a would-be cosy talk, revel in the photographs of their grandchildren; with the unique trait of wit when Japan was asked what it wanted, and the little ambassador of that country merely said: "I want Kiao-Tchow"; with some of Wilson's speeches at the beginning of the Conference, which exhale altruism towards and consideration for the vanquished enemy. These fragments compensate us for the many arid speeches and futile deliberations which are anything but dramatic.

Mr. Komisarjevsky's production, tinged in its quaint settings with the spirit of an ingenious cartoonist, was perfect under difficult circumstances on a small stage. In the ensemble—now and again hampered by all too hasty preparation—three performances stood out by their mastery: the gigantic portrayal of Clemenceau by Mr. Sam Livesey—a monumental masterpiece; the pathetic figure of Wilson, exquisitely drawn by Mr. A. Bromley Davenport; and the suave, true British *bonhomie* of Mr. Frederick Lloyd as Lloyd George. These impersonations, in aspect and characterisation, were as near to reality as stage reincarnation can make them.



HERR EMIL LUDWIG'S PEACE CONFERENCE PLAY AT THE KINGSWAY THEATRE: EUROPEAN STATESMEN IN A SCENE FROM "VERSAILLES." The "mighty ones" seen here are (from left to right): Mr. Lloyd George (Frederick Lloyd), Clemenceau (Sam Livesey), Marshal Foch (Eric Messiter), President Wilson (A. Bromley Davenport), Paderewski (Boris Ranevsky), and Balfour (Basil Loder). "Versailles" is the first production of the Independent Theatre Club, a private organisation formed for the presentation of uncensored plays. Thus only club members and their friends can see "Versailles" at the Kingsway.



## LONDON AT NOON!

"MIDNIGHT" AT MID-DAY IN THE METROPOLIS.



PICCADILLY CIRCUS—AND EROS—AT MIDDAY ON OCTOBER 24: LOOKING TOWARDS THE LONDON PAVILION.



ON THE EMBANKMENT: BIG BEN AND A LIGHTED L.C.C. TRAM DURING THE "BLACK-OUT."



AT LUDGATE CIRCUS: LOOKING UP FLEET STREET AT THE PERIOD DURING WHICH AN AIRMAN SAW THE BLACK PALL OVER LONDON AS "A HUGE BLACK MUSHROOM."

THOSE who were in London on October 24 experienced a veritable "Black Monday," and will not forget it in haste. At noon the Metropolis was blacked-out! Describing his experience at that time, an Imperial Airways pilot, who was making a trial flight with a new monoplane built for the Africa air route, said that, seen from the air, the pall over London at midday looked like a huge black mushroom completely shrouding the city. For the rest, we may quote the "Times" Weather Correspondent: "A large part of London experienced almost total darkness during the forenoon . . . but, although some rain fell, the darkness had little to do with the rain clouds, being due to a degree of calm sufficient to allow smoke to accumulate above the level of the house-tops."



IN LEICESTER SQUARE: AN OASIS OF LIGHT IN A DARK DESERT PROVIDED BY THE EMPIRE THEATRE.



# ROYAL WEDDING RITUAL IN THE ZULU MANNER: A SOUTH AFRICAN CHIEF'S 62ND MARRIAGE.



ELDERLY WOMEN FRIENDS OF THE BRIDE ARRIVING WITH WHOSE EUROPEAN CLOTHES CONTRAST WITH THE



THEIR WEDDING PRESENTS (ON THE RIGHT): A GROUP OLD-TIME WAR-PAINT OF THEIR ESCORT (LEFT).



THE ARRIVAL OF THE BRIDE (THE CENTRAL FIGURE WEARING A HUGE PLUME OF FEATHERS AND A VISOR CONCEALING HER FACE), DANCING AT THE HEAD OF HER ATTENDANTS: A PRINCESS OF THE NDWANDWE TRIBE, IN TRADITIONAL WEDDING ATTIRE.

formidable rival for paramountcy in ancient Zululand. The wedding was celebrated at Solomon's Court at Mahashini ("Place of the horses"), so named because Dinizulu built a large kraal there to stable his horses in safety during the horse-sickness season. With the various tribes the actual bridal ceremony (*swimbho*) differs slightly in detail only—the main features being common to all. After everything is properly prepared, the bride and the young women of her kraal, escorted by her male relatives and friends armed with shield and assegai, proceed to the bridegroom's residence (*Umasi*). Elderly women of the bride's family, married women, friends bearing presents and the bride's belongings, together with an escort, form another party. On arrival the bride and her attendants are received by the bridegroom and his party (*theto*) seated on the ground. The bride's party arrange themselves to dance facing the *theto*, and particular girl friends of the bride (bridesmaids) give a special display (*Gila*). The dance shortly becomes general, both parties joining in the fast and furious fun. Elderly women of the bridegroom's party dance slightly apart, and sing at the bride, usually in a strain distinctly discouraging to a young lady on the brink of matrimony (possibly a recitation of their own matrimonial experiences).

(Continued opposite.)

THE BRIDEGROOM IN HIS "GAUDY GOLD-TRIMMED UNIFORM": SALAMONI-KWA-DINIZULU (SOLOMON, SON OF DINIZULU), KING OF ZULULU, AT HIS SIXTY-SECOND WEDDING.

ONE of the most picturesque ceremonies of the South East African Nguni folk—the wedding of a Zulu Chief according to native rite—took place recently at Mahashini, Nongoma District of Zululand, when Solomon, principal chief and titular King of the Zulus, married—for the sixty-second time, it is said. There does not appear to be any concise record of his marriages, but well-informed natives say the latest is the sixty-second of the series. Native marriages are the usual practice among the commonalty of the un-Christianised polygamous tribes in and around Zululand, though the ceremonial is frequently shorn of much old-time splendour and display, perhaps mainly on account of the considerable expense which must be incurred. The native marriage of an important Chief, however, is conducted on an elaborate scale, and, on the whole, fairly keeps to the pomp and circumstance of the ancient ritual. Salamoni-kwa-Dinizulu (Solomon, son of Dinizulu), chief of the Usutu faction, is a grandson of Cetshwayo and great-grand-nephew of Shaka, founder, or rather welder, of the once powerful Zulu nation. Solomon has "reigned" over his district, Nongoma, since 1913, when, on the death of his father, Dinizulu, in exile for rebellion, he was appointed chief by the Government in preference to his elder brother, Nyawana (David). Solomon's domain is but a sorry remnant compared with the proud realm of his grandfather, Cetshwayo, but his people, except certain portions of kindred and allied clans such as Ndwandwe or Sibilya, are that small proportion of the conglomeration of tribes, vaguely termed "Zulus," who really claim to be 100 per cent. Zulu. The young lady honoured by Solomon on this occasion is also of the Nguni blood-royal, a son of the Ndwandwe clan and lineal descendant of the powerful potentate of old Zwile, Shaka's most

(Continued above.)



THE BRIDE (STANDING IN CENTRE) BEING PREPARED FOR HER SOLO DANCE—THE CHIEF FEATURE OF THE CEREMONY: FINISHING TOUCHES TO HER COSTUME BY SOME OF HER ATTENDANTS.



THE WEDDING PRESENTS ON VIEW: GUESTS EXAMINING THE BRIDE, LAID OUT ON THE GRASS FOR THE INSPECTION OF THE COMPANY: A PICTURESQUE SCENE AT A ZULU MARRIAGE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KURT SWORDHO.



AND ADMIRING THE GIFTS AND OTHER BELONGINGS OF THE COMPANY: A PICTURESQUE SCENE AT A ZULU MARRIAGE.

ARTICLE BY H. ELLIS.

# SPLENDOURS OF A PLUMED BRIDE, WHOSE DANCING IS THE FEATURE OF THE OCCASION.



THE BRIDESMAIDS (GIRL FRIENDS OF THE BRIDE) GIVING THEIR SPECIAL DANCE (*GILA*) DURING THE FESTIVITIES: NATIVE WEDDING ATTIRE WITH A TOUCH OF MODERN INCONGRUITY IN THE ELECTRIC TORCH AND THE UMBRELLA (CARRIED BY THOSE AT THE RIGHT AND LEFT RESPECTIVELY).

One or more of the bride's attendant elderly lady friends will respond with a dance and song, the latter extolling the bride's virtues, beauty, and character. These turns are most elaborate and they take up quite a considerable time. When they conclude the bride takes the stage. Two or three of her attendants put the finishing touches to her costume, when she proceeds to dance in front of the bridegroom, first a *pas seul*, afterwards with a dancing partner, a brother or male relative. Her dance is the *price de resistance*—she is the "star"—and a star of no mean magnitude. The dance of the Zulu bride, now a slow, graceful, undulating glide, now vigorously stamping and leaping with flying skirt, tossing plumes, and fluttering *amashoba* (combed and dressed cow-tails), perfect in time, motion, and expression, is a revelation of human grace such as might well arouse the envious admiration of even a Hollywood film producer. After her performance the bride refreshes herself with a long draught of *umswala* (native beer), and the serious side of the ceremony commences. Oxen are slaughtered for the feasting, the while the presents are examined and admired. One ox is especially sacrificed to ancestral spirits, who are expected thereafter to set the seal of their approval on the proceedings. This completes the nuptial ceremony.

(Continued below.)

ONE OF THE BRIDE'S ATTENDANT ELDERLY LADY FRIENDS GIVING HER DANCE AND SONG, EXTOLLING THE BRIDE'S VIRTUES AND BEAUTY: A *GILA* (GRAND) IN SIMPLE ATTIRE.

the bride thereby being firmly bound in the sacred bonds of matrimony—more firmly, indeed, than her white sisters. The manifold grounds for civilised divorce are unknown among the Nguni tribes: a woman can only be put away, returned to her parents or people, for the most heinous of crimes against the marriage bond, and usually subject to a refund of a portion of the *lobola* (purchase price). It is a fine tribute to the high moral standard of these people that such an occurrence is extremely rare. Feasting and dancing will continue until all the beer and beef provided has been consumed, often some days after the marriage service. The accompanying photographs give an excellent impression of the principal actors in this attractive survival of old-time native ceremony. They are the first photographs to be taken of a Zulu royal wedding. Incongruities such as the gaudy gold-trimmed uniform affected by Solomon, umbrellas here and there, and the anachronistic electric torch borne by one of the bridesmaids slightly detracted from the natural picturesqueness of the scene, but in spite of these false notes it was a delightful and fascinating affair. In a natural life and surroundings, the pure Zulus are a people of taste and refinement, nicely mannered and pleasant of speech: the young people of unsurpassed physique and joyous spirits, the elders of a dignity and bearing that would not shame the most aristocratic European Court. Dress, dance, and song at all ages, are the material expression of their very high sense of artistry, and at no time are their artistic qualities exhibited to greater perfection than on such an occasion as a great public ceremonial, when they let themselves go with an abandon and fervour full of charm. The wild setting in which these scenes take place—the beautifully blended colouring—lends a picture to tempt the brush of a Turner.



# THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS OF THE WEEK IN PICTURES.



THE CELEBRATION OF THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF FASCISM IN ROME: A VAST CROWD LISTENING TO A SPEECH BY SIGNOR MUSSOLINI IN THE PIAZZA VENEZIA.

The celebration of the tenth anniversary of the Fascist régime at Rome began in earnest on October 16, when Signor Mussolini addressed a meeting of 25,000 people, including all the principal officials of the Fascist Party and numerous Senators and Deputies. Special trains to the number of twenty-five brought the majority from all parts of Italy. The Piazza Venezia, where the meeting was held, was gaily decorated. There was a stern note in Signor Mussolini's speech. The crisis, he said, would not be overcome by a miraculous intervention. The problem of the younger generation was as urgent as ever, and they wished the young to receive their purchase and be their worthy successors. It was necessary to "Fascistize"

the "dead corners" in the national life and to be more ready to face the arduous duties of the morrow. The Piazza Venezia, he said, was the heart of Italy. There was the altar of the Fascist dead and the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, and they would now go to pray there because that spot stood for the past and gave an invincible guarantee of the future. Il Duce's speech was shorter than is customary and rather less mass-attracting. For all that, it had power and it was vehemently delivered.

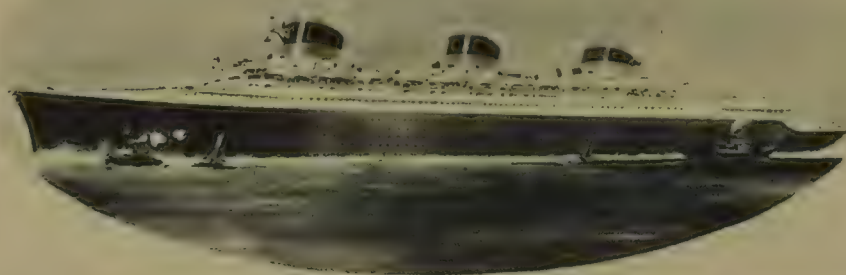


THE EARTHQUAKE IN NEW ZEALAND: THE RUINS OF A SHOP AT WAIROA, HAWKE'S BAY, WHERE THREE PEOPLE WERE INJURED.

A severe earthquake occurred on the east coast of North Island, New Zealand, on September 16; but, although considerable damage was done to property, no lives were lost. This was partly due to the fact that the earthquake took place in the early hours of the morning, at a time when the shopping district of Wairoa, Hawke's Bay, which suffered worst, was little frequented. Several buildings at Wairoa and Gisborne sustained damage, which would, however, have been more severe but for the soundness of reconstruction work since the great catastrophe of 1931. The construction of Wairoa's new bridge received a serious setback.



THE NEW BRIDGE AT WAIROA MOVED ON ITS PILES: DAMAGE TO A BRIDGE UNDER CONSTRUCTION TO SUPPLEMENT ONE DESTROYED IN LAST YEAR'S EARTHQUAKE.

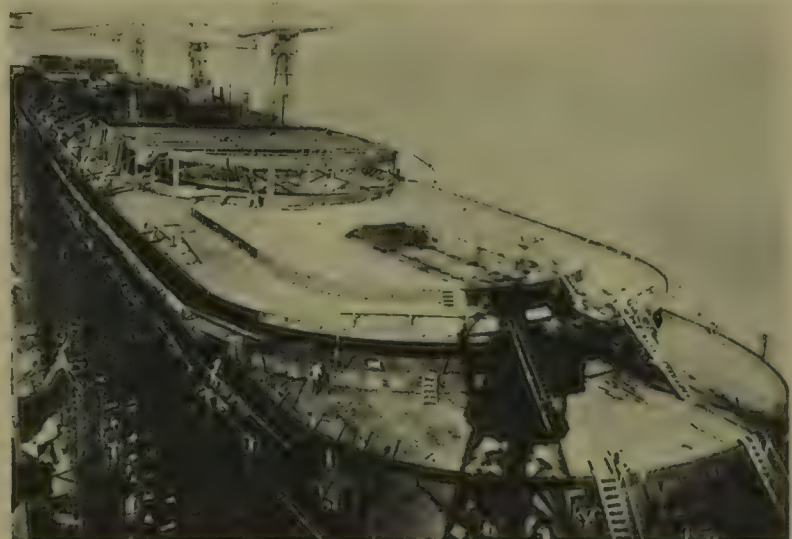


THE GIANT FRENCH LINER WHICH IS TO BE LAUNCHED TO-DAY, OCTOBER 29: AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE "NORMANDIE."



THE TRAINING-SHIP DESTINED TO REPLACE THE "ARETHUSA" AT GREENWICH: THE "PEKING" IN THE THAMES.

The sailing-ship "Peking," destined to replace the "Arethusa" training-ship at Greenwich, arrived in the Thames recently. She was bought from German owners. She is a four-masted barque of 3191 gross tonnage, is 322 ft. in length, and has a beam of 47 ft. She is described as one of the finest and biggest sailing-vessels left afloat. It has been stated that the committee which will administer the training-ship must raise £29,500 to defray the cost of the new ship.



THE GREATEST LINER EVER BUILT—OF 60,000 TONS, AND 1029 FEET IN LENGTH: THE TOP DECK OF THE "NORMANDIE" UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

This most gigantic of liners, belonging to the French Line and destined for the Le Havre—New York crossing, is to be launched at Saint Nazaire to-day, October 29. The liner was laid down in January 1931, and has been completed with the help of moral and material support from the State. Turbo-electric propulsion is used for the first time in France in a large liner, and the four turbines, totalling 160,000 horse-power, are expected to produce an average speed of thirty knots. There is accommodation for 3490 people, including 1320 officers and men. The liner is designed to provide the maximum of comfort and efficiency.



## A 16th-Century Italian Painting that Reveals a Strong Far-Eastern Influence.



"THE MADONNA ADORING THE HOLY CHILD": A PAINTING BY FEDERICO BAROCCI, OF URBINO (1526—1612), SHOWING STRONGLY MARKED JAPANESE CHARACTERISTICS IN THE MADONNA'S HEAD AND THE BACKGROUND LANDSCAPE.

The above painting, from the Simonetti Collection, dispersed in Rome a few months ago, is of special interest as being a rare example of sixteenth-century Italian art betraying a strongly marked influence from the Far East, noticeable particularly in the features and hair of the Madonna, and in the trees and indications of landscape seen in the background through a window. This picture is not the only one in which Barocci has used a distinctly Japanese type of model. Federico Barocci (or Baroccio), also called Fiori of Urbino, was born in that city in 1526 (or 1528), and died there at the age of eighty-four. In his younger days he copied some works of Titian, and in 1548 went to Rome, where he spent four years, studying the art of Raphael. Returning to his native city, he made a name by his picture of St. Margaret, and was invited to Rome again by Pope Pius IV., to assist in decorating the Belvedere Palace. "While working in the Vatican," says Bryan, "he was nearly killed by poison." Most of his remaining years were spent at Urbino. Among his best works are two pictures of the Last Supper—one in the episcopal palace at Urbino and the other (painted for Clement VIII.) in Sta Maria sopra Minerva at Rome, and a "Descent from the Cross" in the Cathedral at Perugia. His style, with its tendency to prettiness, is said by some critics to have influenced Boucher and other eighteenth-century French painters.





PLEASURE ROUTES IN THE WAKE OF COLUMBUS—MAPPED IN THE MANNER OF THE OLD CARTOGRAPHERS: OCEAN CRUISES TO THE CARIBBEAN AND THE ROMANTIC ISLANDS OF THE WEST INDIES, ONCE THE HAUNT OF THE BUCCANEERS, AND A THOUSAND MILES FURTHER NORTH TO THE BERMUDAS.

There is no more delightful part of the world for a winter holiday cruise than that shown in this pictorial map, designed in the manner of the old cartographers, and including all the islands of the West Indian archipelago, with Bermuda lying away to the north. The West Indies have been aptly called "the Sunshine Isles," and the whole region is rich both in natural beauty and in the romance of historical associations, from the pioneer voyages of Columbus to the adventurous days of the Buccaneers and the famous sea-fights of the Napoleonic wars connected with the names of Nelson and Rodney. Columbus, it may be recalled, named the islands the West Indies

because he was under the impression that he had found a new route to India. They are also known as the Antilles, a name derived from the fabled land of Antilia, which Columbus was supposed to have reached. He first landed on an island then named San Salvador, and generally identified with Watling Island in the Bahamas. The Bermuda group, which comprises about 300 small islands, of which only a few are inhabited, takes its name from the Spaniard, Bermudez, who discovered it in 1515. Another spelling it used by Shakespeare in "The Tempest," where Ariel is sent by Prospero at midnight to fetch dew from "the still-vec'd Bermoothes." To-day, as our

picture shows, it is no longer correct to say, as in Andrew Marvell's famous lines written in the seventeenth century, that "the remote Bermudas ride in the ocean's bosom unvisited." The attractions of Bermuda and the West Indies are rapidly becoming better known to the English traveller, and this winter, in addition to the normal steamship services which have done so much to popularise these beautiful islands, many of the principal shipping companies are running special cruises across the Atlantic. Our drawing gives some idea of the varied itineraries arranged, and it will be seen that a wide choice is open to those who are able to take a holiday in

search of winter sunshine among the Atlantic islands. Although Bermuda and the West Indies are both in our picture, many people do not realise that a thousand miles separates these two groups, and each area has climatic and scenic features peculiar to itself. Other pages in this issue describe these in greater detail, and the reader will soon see that, in dealing with Bermuda and the West Indies, we are introducing him to a most fascinating part of the world, and one which has played an important part in the Empire's commerce and history. A visit or a cruise in these romantic surroundings is an unforgettable experience.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY G. H. DAVIS.



# The Discovery of the Pacific—First Seen from a Peak in Darien.

FROM THE PICTURE BY GUSTAVE ALAUX.



ON THE SHORES OF THE "GREAT SOUTH SEA": VASCO NUNEZ DE BALBOA CLAIMING THE OCEAN FOR THE KINGS OF CASTILE.

Vasco Nunez de Balboa, out of favour with Ferdinand the Catholic, and adventuring in the country about Santa Maria de la Antigua del Darien, decided that some spectacular enterprise must regain for him the esteem he had lost. Thus, seeking the ocean beyond the mountains of which the cacique Cornogre had told, he marched to the summit of the range and "silent upon a peak in Darien," as Keats puts it, incorrectly ascribing the experience to Cortez, found himself looking down upon the Pacific. That was on 25th September, 1513.

Four days later he gained the shore. Then, riding into the waters, he claimed the "Great South Sea" for the Kings of Castile. By way of reward, his royal master created him Admiral of the South Sea and appointed him Governor of Panama and Coyba. His good fortune was not to last for long. The jealousy of Pedrarias Davila, Governor of the Darien colony, aroused by his rival's desire to conquer that "country rich in gold" which is called Peru, led to his trial for treason, and he was beheaded in the square of Acla in 1517.



**SIR HERBERT STEPHEN.**

Eminent legal authority. Formerly Clerk of Assize on the Northern Circuit (1889-1927). Died October 23: aged seventy-five. Contributor of a well-known series of letters on legal matters to the "Times."

**JUDGE HOLMAN GREGORY.**

Appointed Common Serjeant of the City of London. Called to the Bar in 1897 and took silk in 1910. Liberal M.P. for South Derbyshire from 1918 to 1922. Member of numerous public enquiries.

## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

**SIR OWEN SEAMAN.**

It was learned recently that Sir Owen Seaman was retiring from the editorship of "Punch," after a tenure lasting twenty-six years, and thirty-five years of staff connection with the paper.

**MR. E. V. KNOX.**

"Evoc," the well-known humourist. Succeeding Sir Owen Seaman as editor of "Punch," on the staff of which he has been for a number of years. Author of "Things That Annoy Me" and many other works.

**LIEUT. C. McMULLEN.****LIEUT. C. E. KEYS.****LIEUT. G. F. BLAXLAND.**

**THE YACHT "LITTLE OWL":** THE TINY CRAFT IN WHICH THREE ENGLISH NAVAL OFFICERS WERE ADRIFT IN THE CHANNEL.

On October 22 the British steamer "Romanby" picked up the three British naval officers—Lieut. Colin McMullen, Lieut. C. E. Keys, and Lieut. G. F. Blaxland—who had been missing since October 19. They had left Havre when, late at night, a sudden furious gust carried away the sails and rigging of their yacht, the "Little Owl." They became separated from their companion, the "Wallop," whose occupants were rescued. For two days and two nights they were adrift, without being able to attract

[Continued opposite.]



**THE YACHT "WALLOP":** WHICH ACCOMPANIED THE "LITTLE OWL" ON HER START FROM HAVRE, AND LOST HER IN A STORM.

the attention of any vessel. They were unable to find their position, as all their navigating instruments had been swept overboard. On October 22 they caught sight of the "Romanby" in a slightly calmer sea. After some searching, the "Romanby" discovered the disabled boat, and took the officers into Antwerp. The "Little Owl" subsequently sank. It was stated that unfavourable weather reports from the Navigation School at Portsmouth were received on the "Little Owl" when she was at Havre.

**THE MARQUIS DE CASTELLANE.**

For many years an acknowledged leader of Parisian society. Died October 20; aged sixty-five. He was the first of the French nobility to take an American heiress to wife. He sat as a Deputy for twelve years.

**SIR GEORGE DANCE.**

Dramatic author and theatrical director. Died October 22; aged sixty-seven. Gave £30,000 to save the Old Vic. Theatre in 1922. Writer of "A Chinese Honeymoon." A director of several theatrical companies.



**THE LAST-MINUTE SETTLEMENT OF THE DISPUTE IN THE SPINNING SECTION OF THE COTTON INDUSTRY:** MR. F. W. LEGGETT (LEFT), THE CHIEF CONCILIATION OFFICER, IN CONFERENCE.

Mr. Leggett, chief conciliation officer at the Ministry of Labour, won a great triumph when he brought the dispute in the spinning section of the cotton industry to a settlement on October 22. This was actually twelve hours after the employers' notices had expired, and the stoppage of 200,000 workers had officially begun. Thus a disastrous increase of unemployment and setback to recovery in Lancashire was averted at the last minute. The terms of the settlement included a reduction of wages by 1s. 6d. in the pound and the restoration of the forty-eight-hour week, which was abandoned in December.

**GENERAL FEILDING.**

Died October 21; aged sixty-six. Commanded the Guards Division in France during the war for over two years and was late G.O.C. London District. He also served with distinction in South Africa at Driefontein, Modder River, and elsewhere.

**SIR ERNEST BENNETT, M.P.**

Appointed Assistant Postmaster-General in succession to Mr. H. Graham White, M.P., who resigned. A member of the National Labour group. Joined the Labour Party in 1916. M.P. for Central Cardiff, 1929.



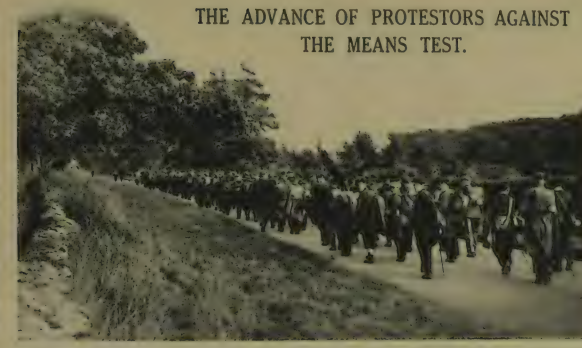
## THE MARCH OF THE UNEMPLOYED CONVERGING ON LONDON.



LANCASHIRE WOMEN IN THE MARCH OF THE UNEMPLOYED, CONVERGING ON LONDON FROM VARIOUS DISTRICTS: A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF PART OF THE COLUMN RESTING NEAR HIGH WYCOMBE, WHERE THEY ARRIVED AFTER LEAVING OXFORD.



LANCASHIRE MEN ON THEIR WAY TO LONDON TO JOIN IN OVER 200 STRONG RESTING BY THE ROADSIDE



THE SCOTTISH CONTINGENT OF THE UNEMPLOYED "HUNGER MARCHERS" ON THE ROAD DURING THEIR LONG TRAMP TO LONDON: THE COLUMN ON THE MARCH, SEEN FROM THE REAR AT A POINT NEAR BRAXLEY, IN NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.



TYPES OF THE UNEMPLOYED MARCHERS FROM LANCASHIRE ON THEIR WAY TO LONDON: A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF PART OF THE COLUMN RESTING NEAR HIGH WYCOMBE, WHERE THEY ARRIVED AFTER LEAVING OXFORD.



A BAKERY SHOP IN LAMBETH WRECKED AND LOOTED BY DEMONSTRATORS: A RESULT OF DISTURBANCES IN SOUTH LONDON DURING AN ATTEMPTED MARCH TO THE COUNTY HALL.



MOUNTED POLICE DISPERSING DEMONSTRATORS IN ST. GEORGE'S CIRCUS: A DRAMATIC SCENE 'DURING THE SOUTH LONDON DISTURBANCES, SHOWING ONE MAN (ON LEFT) GRABBING A HORSE'S BRIDLE.



A SCOTTISH PIPER LEADING A COLUMN OF MARCHERS WITH THEIR BANNER INSCRIBED "FROM SCOTLAND TO LONDON": A SCENE ON THE ROAD BETWEEN AYLESBURY AND BERNHAMSTED.



THE LANCASHIRE CONTINGENT OF TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY UNEMPLOYED "HUNGER MARCHERS" ON THEIR WAY TO LONDON: THE COLUMN ASCENDING ASTON HILL, ON THE ROAD BETWEEN OXFORD AND HIGH WYCOMBE, ACCOMPANIED BY SOME POLICEMEN.



SHELTER AND REFRESHMENT PROVIDED FOR "HUNGER MARCHERS" ON THEIR WAY TO LONDON: A GROUP AT AN IMPROVISED A MINER'S



MARCHERS" FROM SOUTH WALES ON ARRIVAL AT READING CANTEN, INCLUDING TWO YOUNG GIRLS, ONE CARRYING A SAFETY-LAMP.



HEADED BY A NUMBER OF SYMPATHETIC OXFORD UNDERGRADUATES, OF BOTH SEXES, CARRYING BANNERS MADE BY THEMSELVES: THE LANCASHIRE CONTINGENT OF UNEMPLOYED "HUNGER MARCHERS" LEAVING OXFORD FOR HIGH WYCOMBE ON THE WAY TO LONDON.

During the past week or so, columns of "hunger marchers" have been converging on London from various parts of the country, somewhat after the manner of the "Bonus Army" in the United States, in order to take part in a combined demonstration of the unemployed in opposition to the Means Test. Contingents of marchers came from as far away as Scotland, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and South Wales; while others approached from Kent and elsewhere in the Home Counties. Most of the marchers arrived at towns within fifty miles of the capital on the night of October 24. The

marchers from Lancashire, for instance, spent the night at High Wycombe, where a supper of fish and chips was provided by a local fishmonger, and left the next day for Uxbridge. While passing through Oxford (before reaching High Wycombe) they had received support and encouragement from a number of undergraduates, both men and women, who headed the column carrying banners which, it is said, they had made themselves. Report has it that the Plectors, with their "bulldozers," waited in the centre of the city and required these undergraduates to disclose their "name and college."

In the House of Commons on October 24 a question was put by a Labour Member to the Minister of Health with a view to provision being made for "some 2000 homeless men and women arriving in London from the provinces." Sir E. Hilton Young said they had been induced to leave their homes by a Communist organisation, and persons responsible for such demonstrations should arrange to meet the needs of their followers. Individual cases of distress would receive help, but the authorities could not encourage such demonstrations by making exceptional arrangements for providing

accommodation. On October 18, it may be recalled, there was a clash in South London between the police and a crowd of unemployed attempting to reach the County Hall. The Home Secretary (Sir John Gilmour) stated in Parliament that the trouble arose out of demonstrations organised by a Communist body—the National Unemployed Workers' Movement. He mentioned that the "march on London" was due at its destination on October 26. A demonstration in Hyde Park was arranged for October 27, and a strong force of police was detailed to be on duty.



## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. ITALIAN RENAISSANCE MEDALS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

Italians of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and no doubt they were, on the whole, not very suitable candidates for membership of the Y.M.C.A.—nor, for that matter, were the Germans or the French or the Dutch or the English—but beyond all other people in Europe, they were the instruments of an artistic and humane (I use the word in the strict sense) flowering of the spirit which

profoundly changed the course of world history. Before long not a building was erected, not a line of poetry written, not a school founded, not a picture painted anywhere, even in our own comparatively barbarous island, which did not owe something to this new, but yet very old conception of man's relation to the universe; and it is this immense and vigorous out-pouring of learning and ability which can be studied in these little medals no less than in the more grandiose monuments of that extraordinary period.

A passion for classical antiquity sometimes results in the achievement of mere form without the spirit that quickens: the phenomenon is familiar enough in literature, and is no less frequent in art. An illustration that occurs to one off-hand is a

Wedgwood medallion—a pretty, charming thing in its place, but dry and pedantic compared, say, to the compelling force of such a portrait as Fig. 5. This is of a Frenchman of Scottish descent, one Béraud Stuart d'Aubigny, who accompanied King Charles the Eighth on his expedition to Italy, 1494-95; but the name of the man is immaterial to our purpose: what we cannot fail to see is the power of the artist, and his insight into character. Another excellent portrait is that of Fig. 6, the young Francis I. of France, who, as is well known, surrounded him-

self with Italian artists at Fontainebleau (see the memoirs of that uncommon blackguard, Benvenuto Cellini, for a vivid account of the French Court). The reverse of this is a good enough example of the classical models which inspired Renaissance medallists as they inspired Renaissance architects.

The production of a portrait medal was by no means the prerogative of princes or of courtiers: it was an elegant fashion which was as much the pride of the scholar as of the great ones of the earth. A good illustration is the portrait of Marsilio Ficino, the humanist and philosopher who died in 1499, and whose interests are sufficiently expressed by the single word, *Platone*, on the reverse (Fig. 3): by way of contrast I reproduce the reverse of another medal (Fig. 1), a rather elaborate design of a mounted man advancing towards the naked figure of Fortune.

The terrible Alva, who drenched the Netherlands with blood, appears in Fig. 2, the reverse of which

shows the strangely inappropriate device of two charming cupids bearing wreaths—inappropriate, that is, to those of us who were brought up on Motley's "The Rise of the Dutch Republic." Yet



2. THE STERN PROFILE OF THE TERRIBLE DUKE OF ALVA: A MEDAL OF A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY EUROPEAN "CELEBRITY," THE INNOCENT AND PLAYFUL REVERSE OF WHICH IS CURIOUSLY IN CONTRAST WITH THE DUKE'S GRIM REPUTATION.

no doubt even the Duke had his innocent moments. Fig. 4 is an excellent example of a woman's portrait: unlike most medals, the reverse is plain.

As in the study of most other covetable objects, the beginner must arm himself with something a little more definite than is to be found in print. He

must, for example, learn to distinguish between what is fine and what is less fine, not only in design, but in the actual state of the medal. Late casts are necessarily blurred or made smooth afterwards, and are no longer clear-cut and definite. If you examine a fine impression side by side with a less fine, it is quite easy to see the difference, just as it is possible for anyone to realise the inferiority of a Gainsborough copy if it is hung next to the original: but a certain training is necessary, a reasonable familiarity with good work, if a poor example is to be placed in its proper category when one is suddenly confronted with it.

The finest collection in this country is, of course, that of the British Museum, while there are some



4. A LADY ON A MEDAL: A CHARMING PORTRAIT OF LEONORA CAMBI, MOST DEFTLY EXECUTED.



6. FRANCIS I., THE PATRON OF BENVENUTO CELLINI: A KING WHO ENTERTAINED MANY ITALIAN ARTISTS AT HIS COURT PORTRAYED ON A MEDAL AFTER THE ITALIAN FASHION; WITH A CLASSICAL ALLEGORY ON THE REVERSE.

superb examples at South Kensington in the Salting Collection. Dr. G. F. Hill, Director and Principal Librarian of the British Museum, is the unquestioned authority on the subject, and anyone who proposes to delve deeper into the matter is referred to various publications by him—works of formidable scholarship and admirably illustrated. This must be the first article on medals ever written in which no mention is made of that most adorable painter, Pisanello, who is the greatest of all medallists. It is at first sight a shocking omission—yet there is reason for it: he is such a great man that he must have at all costs a page to himself at some future date



THE late Mr. T. Whitcombe Greene was a notable benefactor of the British Museum, and a shrewd and enthusiastic collector of medals and coins. His interests were confined mainly to the period when the art of the medallist was in the fine vigour of its early youth—and now his collection is to be dispersed at Sotheby's. The sale, which is fixed for Oct. 31, should be interesting apart from the intrinsic merit of the objects comprised in it, for, as far as I know, no collection of this character has appeared in the London auction rooms for about ten years, and those most familiar with values are rather puzzled as to the prices which may be expected. This article is not a description of the collection, but the collection happens to provide admirable illustrations for the article. The subject, to many readers of this page, will be only vaguely familiar, and perhaps



1. THE REVERSE OF A LARGE MEDAL, WHICH CONTRASTS WITH THE SEVERITY OF THAT SEEN IN FIG. 3: AN ELABORATE SCENE OF A MAN ADVANCING TOWARDS THE NAKED FIGURE OF FORTUNE; WITH A LATIN INSCRIPTION READING, "PER TOT DISCRIMINA RERUM."



3. WHEN MEDALS TOOK THE PLACE THAT MINIATURES MAY BE SAID TO HOLD TO-DAY: A HEAD OF MARSILO FICINO, THE CELEBRATED FLORENTINE PLATONIST, WHO DIED IN 1499; WITH ONE SIGNIFICANT NAME ON THE REVERSE.

Marsilio Ficino has been called a true son of the Renaissance. He was fortunate in the patronage of Cosimo de' Medici, and in 1463 secured the presidency of a Florentine college. He fanned the then awakening interest in Greek philosophy by translating Plato's works.

I ought to point out at once that these exceedingly distinguished objects have nothing in common with the somewhat artistically banal medals most of us managed to collect fourteen years ago. They are not war medals, nor were they intended to be worn in a row on the left breast beneath little strips of varied-coloured silk. Most of them are not commemorative of any particular event, though a few are, but were rather made for the glorification of a particular personage, whose effigy appears on them. The purely commemorative type of medal is still a commonplace on formal occasions—I see, for example, that the medal commemorating the Goethe Centenary has just been presented to M. Herriot by President Hindenburg.

The moralists are still inclined to bother their heads about the luxury and licentiousness of the



5. BÉRAUD STUART D'AUBIGNY, WHO ACCOMPANIED KING CHARLES VIII. OF FRANCE ON HIS ITALIAN EXPEDITION OF 1494-5: A SOMEWHAT DOUR-LOOKING FRENCHMAN OF SCOTTISH DESCENT, AS AN ITALIAN MEDALLIST SAW HIM.



# LONDON DUMPING RUBBISH INTO ITS OWN RIVER: AN "ILLEGAL" ACT.

DRAWN BY FRANK MASON, R.I.



SHOOTING REFUSE CONCRETE AND OTHER DÉBRIS INTO THE THAMES: AN "OFFENCE" NECESSARY IN ORDER TO FILL THE CAVITIES DISCOVERED IN THE RIVER-BED NEAR THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE TOWER BRIDGE.

The remarkably interesting drawing here reproduced shows a curious and paradoxical feature of the life of the River. As is generally known, it is an offence (for reasons obvious to all) to throw stones, or dump anything, in a navigable river. But recent discovery of deep cavities in the bed of the Thames in the close vicinity of the foundations of the Tower Bridge produced the ironical situation of the City authorities being obliged to dump refuse in their own navigable river in order to fill up the holes—work supervised by the Port of London Authority! Our artist's drawing shows the operation in progress. A powerful tug was anchored close to the spot where the dumping was to take place. The lighter containing the rubbish to be shot (refuse concrete, the débris of torn-up London streets, etc.) was warped as nearly

into position as might be by wire hawsers, while a smaller tug, also attached to the lighter, cast it this way or that until the officer in charge, who had taken careful measurements and bearings, gave the word to "shoot." The contents of the lighter were discharged through doors which open in the bottom of the lighter. These cavities in the river bed near the Tower Bridge were probably caused by large vessels bound into the Pool of London dropping anchor in the fairway, either to check their way or to straighten up. The consequent dislocation of the river bed, helped by the scour of the tides, was the likely cause of the trouble. It is not too much to say that the bed of the Thames calls for quite as much care and attention from the Port of London Authority as do its surface and its banks.



# MINIATURE JAPAN IN LONDON: CEREMONIAL FESTIVAL DOLLS AIDING A CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.



A COURT DANCER PERFORMING IN THE  
"KOCHŌ NO MAI," OR BUTTERFLY DANCE:  
A DAINY AND ELABORATE FIGURE.



"GOSHO NINGYO," OR PALACE DOLL: A KYOTO  
PUPPET IN THE ANCIENT STYLE.



A DOLL REPRESENTING AN IMPERIAL PRINCESS,  
AND WEARING THE IMPERIAL TRIDENT-SHAPED  
HEAD ORNAMENT.



A DOLL IN THE COSTUME OF THE KAMAKURA  
PERIOD—THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY A.D.



DOLLS REPRESENTING JIMMU TENNŌ, THE TRADITIONAL  
FIRST EMPEROR OF JAPAN, AND HIS RETAINER, MICHINOMI  
NO MIKOTO.



A MODERN DOLL: THE CUSTOMARY PLAYTHING  
OF A LITTLE JAPANESE GIRL OF TO-DAY.



KYOTO DOLLS OF THE ANCIENT  
STYLE.

THE delightful little figures here illustrated will all be included in a display of Japanese Ceremonial Festival Dolls held by the Japan Society at the Arlington Galleries, 22, Bond Street, W.1. The display, which is in aid of the Cheyne Hospital for Children, will last from November 2 to November 9 inclusive. Dolls in ancient and modern styles, with their various accessories, both for the Girls' and the Boys' Festivals, are to be shown. It is the first occasion on which such an exhibition has been held in London, and it should prove of exceptional interest. The ceremonial doll is an institution of great antiquity in Japan, where, to this day, little girls are given special dolls, distinct from those that they play with, to exhibit formally at the Girls' festival on May 5. Japanese boys have similar toy images of warriors, which are likewise displayed at the Boys' festival on March 3.



A FISHERMAN DOLL OF THE ANCIENT STYLE—WITH A LONG  
ROD AND LINE IN HIS RIGHT HAND.



A DOLL OF WARLIKE MIEN—DRESSED IN A COMPLETE SUIT  
OF ARMOUR, IN MINIATURE.



## THE ISLANDS OF SUNSHINE.

By **SIR ALGERNON ASPINALL, C.M.G., C.B.E.**, Secretary to the West India Committee, Author of "The Pocket Guide to the West Indies," "A Wayfarer in the West Indies," and "West Indian Tales of Old."

OVER the main entrance to the West Indian Pavilion at the British Empire Exhibition was the inscription: "The Islands of Sunshine." It was very appropriate, for nowhere does the sun bestow its favours more lavishly than over that exquisitely

this country, following in the wake of Columbus to the islands, has been rapidly increasing, and for the coming winter season active preparations are being made in the Caribbean colonies for the reception and entertainment of winter visitors.

merely dollars of account, and are converted at the fixed rate of 4·80 dollars to the pound, irrespective of the movements of the latter in the money markets of the outside world. This alone should be an inducement to those who are in the happy position of being



PORT OF SPAIN, THE CAPITAL OF TRINIDAD: A CITY WHERE THE ATMOSPHERE OF OLD SPANISH SOUTH AMERICA STILL PERSISTS.

beautiful archipelago which, like a necklace of rare jewels, adorns the bosom of the Caribbean Sea. From off Florida to the north coast of South America stretches that chain of islands, of infinite variety, astride the main trade-routes to the Panama Canal, a circumstance which has added greatly to its importance.

The British West Indian Islands have many claims on the attention of our countrymen, for they are our oldest group of colonies of which—

... some we got by purchase,  
And some we got by trade,  
And some we had by courtesy  
Of pike and carrenade.

The West Indies were the cradle of the Royal Navy, and witnessed some of the most brilliant exploits of our soldiers and sailors during the stirring days of the eighteenth century.

The climate of the islands, especially during our winter months, when the heat is tempered by the cooling north-east trade-winds, which blow with unfailing regularity, is delightful, the scenery superb, and the loyalty of the people beyond question. And was it not the immortal Mr. Apollo Johnson who, at Dignity Ball at Bridgetown, declaimed: "All de world fight against England, but England nebber fear; King George nebber fear, while Barbados 'land 'tiff"?

In recent years the number of adventurers from



BRIDGETOWN, THE CAPITAL OF BARBADOS: A QUIET NOOK WHERE THE TROPICS HAVE, AMAZINGLY, FUSED WITH THE PLACID ATMOSPHERE OF AN ENGLISH COUNTY TOWN.

able to escape the rigours and chills of the English winter and select, as their *hiemalia*, the British West Indian islands, of whose charm of climate and scenery Mr. Edward Long writes with first-hand knowledge in the following pages.

But there are many other attractions, including lawn tennis, golf, cricket, bathing from peerless coral beaches, and fishing, to mention a few only, and a visitor would be hard to please who did not derive enjoyment from one of the race meetings in the larger islands, which are made the occasion of a gathering of representatives of more nationalities than one would believe possible within the compass of a comparatively small West Indian island: Indians, Negroes, Portuguese, Chinamen, Corsicans, happily blended as British subjects, being all enthusiastic patrons of the local Turf.

For many years the West Indies have been the happy hunting-ground of our American cousins in quest of relaxation and, perhaps, refreshment, which they have found there in abundance. It is encouraging to Imperialists and patriots to feel that the tide of British tourists also is now flowing with rapidly increasing vigour towards the Islands of Sunshine, and that so influential a journal as *The Illustrated London News* should be adding its weight and influence to the movement towards that end.



KINGSTON, THE CAPITAL OF JAMAICA: A CONVENIENT CENTRE FOR EXPLORING JAMAICA AND AN UP-TO-DATE TOWN WITH ADMIRABLE SHOPS; SEEN WITH THE RANGE OF THE BLUE MOUNTAINS IN THE BACKGROUND. Kingston was founded after the disaster to Port Royal and was made the capital in 1870. It is a place where every facility exists for the pleasantest of holidays.

NASSAU, THE CAPITAL CITY OF THE BAHAMAS: LOOKING UP BAY STREET, THE PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARE, IN THE PLACID ISLAND HAUNT OF ULTRA-SOPHISTICATED NORTH AMERICA.

It cannot be too widely known in this connection that the currency in the British West Indies is linked to sterling, and that the pound is therefore worth twenty shillings throughout the islands. It is true that prices are often quoted in dollars and cents, but this need not cause alarm. These dollars are



HAMILTON, THE CAPITAL OF BERMUDA: A CITY WHERE MOTOR TRAFFIC IS FORBIDDEN BY LAW, SO THAT HORSE AND BICYCLE STILL REIGN SUPREME IN PICTURESQUE AND LEISURELY STREETS.

Hamilton is situated on the main island at the head of a deep inlet two or three miles long, forming a fine natural harbour.



## "WHERE THE REMOTE BERMUDAS RIDE"— THE ISLANDS OF BERMUDA.

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

### BERMUDA.

"A CLUSTER of pearls and emeralds in a sapphire sea"—such are the Isles of Bermuda, and go where you may, you will never encounter their like. Far out in the Atlantic, away from the track of hurricanes and sheltered from the cold of winter by the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, the heat of summer always tempered by cooling winds, here nature has contrived an ideal resting-place for all who wish to or must escape from the fog and frost and biting north-east winds of an English winter.

Here, in a perfect climate, ranging only from 60° to 70°, and yet with a bracing atmosphere and long hours of sunshine daily, with nothing to mar the scene beyond an occasional shower of rain or a wind-squall, the visitor to Bermuda's isles may enjoy life in the open, health-giving air to the fullest extent, and surrounded by the choicest beauty of nature. There are fields of fragrant lilies, hedges of white, pink, and red oleander, clusters of scarlet hibiscus, and groves of Bermudian cedar, contrasting vividly, in their mantle of darkest green, with the whiteness of the Bermudian houses, fashioned from the white coralline limestone of which the islands themselves are made. The visitor may bathe in a

entirely uninhabited, Spain never settled them, and the Britisher can but thrill with pride when his vessel picks up Sea Venture Flat, at the entrance to the only passage round to Hamilton Harbour through the maze of deadly coral reefs with which the Bermudas are surrounded, to realise that here Sir George Somers, after being wrecked in his frail craft, the *Sea Venture*, whilst on a voyage to Virginia in 1609, managed to set his passengers and crew safely ashore, to save a good deal from his vessel, and found the colony of Bermuda, or the Somers Isles, as the colony was first named.

Whether you travel to Bermuda direct from this country by the very fine liners of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, with a frequent service, or by Fyffes (Elders and Fyffes), with a regular monthly service, or even go there *via* New York, transshipping into one of the magnificent vessels of the Furness Bermuda Line, you make Sea Venture Flat, pass into the Narrows, round St. Catherine's Point, past old Fort Catherine, proceed along the rugged north coast of St. George's Island and Main Island, the largest, until you round Spanish Point, between Main Island and four little islands strung out in a chain—Somerset, Boaz, Watford, and Ireland (the last-named the Naval Station and Dockyard of Bermuda), and then steam up into

Hamilton Harbour past a score or more of tiny islands, little jewels of white rock and emerald-green verdure amid a sea of deepest blue, by numbers of white-sailed yachts, and draw up alongside the wharves directly facing Front Street, on the water-front of Hamilton.



A PEACEFUL SCENE MAKING SHAKESPEARE'S VISION OF "THE STILL VEXED BERMUTHES" SEEM STRANGELY INAPPOSITE: A VIEW OF HAMILTON, THE CHARMING CAPITAL OF THE BERMUDA ISLES, TAKEN FROM ACROSS THE HARBOUR.

Top-hatted, sable-faced cabmen await you as you step ashore, and it seems strange to find only horse-drawn vehicles in this very up-to-date, well-built town, with its fine shops displaying the choicest of articles from the workshops of Europe for sale, huge hotels, massive and imposing public buildings, and commodious thoroughfares; especially when you discover that at last Bermuda has succumbed to a railroad invasion, and that petrol-driven trains pass along Hamilton's very busy water-front!

Hamilton is the seat of Government, and its representative assembly, the oldest in the British Empire (after the House of Commons), sits in a fine building termed the Sessions House, where it legislates for some 28,000 inhabitants, of whom nearly two-thirds are coloured, whilst amongst its Members of Parliament are still to be found men bearing the names of the pioneer English families of the reign of James I.! Hamilton has a cathedral and an opera house, a museum and a public library, many first-class social and sporting clubs, and an exceedingly well-managed Trade Development Board, which looks after the needs of all tourists who visit the islands very efficiently. It is a clean, well-lit town, delightfully laid out, with a charming park, almost in its centre, where a British regimental band plays quite often; and in the residential quarter there are pleasant walks, bordered with handsome trees of cedar, and fine, very solidly-built houses, of a pleasing style of architecture, and all with well-kept gardens, generally ablaze with flowers.

Hamilton is Bermuda's most convenient centre. From it you can get to any part of the islands by road, train, or ferry, and, seeing that the entire length of the chain of islands, all bridged, from Ireland in the west to St. George's in the east, is but 22 miles (whilst the area of all the islands is only 19 square miles) a good deal can be seen on foot; and, indeed, nothing is more delightful than to take a walk into the beautiful, well-wooded, undulating country about Hamilton and discover the island's rustic charms at

your leisure. You may even walk to the bathing-beaches on the south coast, though a train and horse-bus service is available, and cycling is a very popular method of locomotion.

Yachting is excellent, and Bermuda is the home of some of the finest yachts and yachtsmen. Tennis and golf are available with the greatest of ease, and there are excursions daily by steamer from Hamilton to various places of interest in the outlying islands, and to the great coral reefs outside, where you transship into a small, flat-bottomed boat, with glass panels, through which you view the wonders of marine life—corals of beautiful shapes and markings, fish of brilliant colouring,

(Continued overleaf.)



YACHTS LYING IN THE GREAT SOUND NEAR HAMILTON, THE CAPITAL OF BERMUDA: A VIEW FROM THE GARDENS OF THE BELMONT MANOR HOTEL.

smooth sea, crystal-clear, of rich colouring, from a beach of delicate pink and white coral sand, or cruise for miles amongst picturesque islets, with quaintly-contrived harbours, in an inland sea.

Here, too, are to be found hotels second to none in their cuisine and appointments, set amidst gardens of waving palms, flanking the greenest of lawns, and a wealth of sweet-scented and flowering shrubs and plants—scarlet poinsettias, magnolias, frangipanni, great beds of geranium and heliotrope, of roses and verbenas, and, trailing from rustic woodwork, festoons of blue wisteria, of passion-flower and of morning glory, and of many-shaded bougainvillea—purple, pink, and red. Many of these hotels (notably Castle Harbour, the most recently built, and superbly furnished by British labour, which stands in a magnificent situation, commanding wide views of Harrington Sound on one side, and of Castle Harbour and the blue ocean beyond on the other) have their own sea- and sun-bathing facilities, their private golf-courses—everything, in fact, to make perfect the stay of their fortunate guests.

And, to complete the picture of ease and contentment, in this island paradise reigns a wonderful calm. No hoot of motor-car, no rushing in feverish haste along petrol-soaked roads, no poisoning of the air with gaseous fumes; instead, the quiet, orderly traffic of the horse-drawn carriage, proceeding sedately along leafy lanes, where often the trees meet o'erhead, or on stretches of rock-hewn road, in places lapped by the sea. Birds of bright plumage, unalarmed, wing their flight from tree to tree as you proceed along the even tenor of your way, and all the world is at peace. Such is life in Bermuda—the perfect antidote to the life of noise and bustle in any of the great towns or cities of Europe or America.

A Spaniard discovered Bermuda, and gave his name to the islands; but, though they were then



BATHING IN BERMUDA, WHICH HAS A REMARKABLY EQUABLE CLIMATE—RANGING ONLY FROM 60 DEG. TO 70 DEG., AND LONG HOURS OF SUNSHINE EVERY DAY: CORAL BEACH ON THE SOUTHERN COAST.



# Voyage to romantic Bermuda



Bermuda's homes, mostly of coral stone, in their settings of palm groves and flowering trees, add a charm and beauty to the landscape that, once seen, can never be forgotten.



The joys of golfing in Bermuda, with its choice of seven courses fanned by exhilarating Atlantic breezes, must be lived through to be understood. Nowhere in the world are conditions more delightful than in these islands.



Bermuda has spread its influence on yachting throughout the world. Sportsmen appreciate how this has come about when they study at first hand the ideal conditions that have fostered sailing in its sounds.



**CORAL ISLANDS !** Who has not thrilled at those two words, so bound up with romance, with the sea-going traditions of our race ?

Sail to Bermuda for the holiday you will never forget. There are luxury liners to take you to this crescent of coral isles, where pirates hid their treasures in olden days, and where Nature displays hers still. There are modern hotels to stay in, yet Bermuda keeps her beauties unspoiled by so-called "progress." No cars, no trains are allowed there. You drive behind gaily-harnessed horses down the winding lanes, or cycle, ride, or idly stroll.

You can watch through the famed glass-bottomed boats, and even from a diving bell, the life of the sea. Brilliant fishes, plainly to be seen through the clear water, dart among waving weeds, sea-anemones, star and finger coral and sea ferns. Then there are magic caves to explore, filled with fantastic columns, canopies, and stalactites of scintillating calcite.

Take your choice of sport, too. Yachting on the sounds, golf over some of the most famous courses in the world, tennis, riding, swimming, and, in the winter, horse-racing. Glorious sunshine, tempered by Atlantic breezes, gives you fresh vigour for strenuous sports, and the unfamiliar settings of vivid sub-tropical beauty lend a new charm to every recreation.

Away in the Western Atlantic a welcome waits you from a very British community which knows well the secrets of true hospitality and the art of care-free living. Leave your everyday life behind you and voyage to this holiday paradise.

## BERMUDA

Write for full particulars to the Pacific Steam Navigation Co., Goree Water Street, Liverpool; Elders & Fyffes, Ltd., 32, Bow Street, London, W.C.2; Furness, Withy & Co., Ltd., Furness House, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3; or The Bermuda Trade Development Board, 329, High Holborn, London, W.C.1

WHERE OLD TIME PEACE WITH MODERN COMFORT REIGNS



*(Continued.)*

weirdly-shaped shell-fish, and strange sea plants and flowers, swaying gently with the tide.

You may drive to the old house, romantically situated, where Tom Moore lived a short while and

its really wonderful Marine Aquarium, situated, very appropriately, amidst the most charming scenery by the waters of Harrington Sound.

Here are shown more varieties, I believe, of highly-coloured species of fish than anywhere else in the world—the green moray, that will bite a hole in a one-inch plank; angel fish, which change colour when you look at them; rockfish, red snappers, amber fish, brilliant parrot fish, groupers, with a red blush; and such curiosities as fish covered with spines, that will eat their way out of a shark's stomach; armour-covered fish, and fish which carry their own fishing-rod in front of them and angle for food! Here, also, are crabs that disguise themselves by covering their backs with a

(rough-hewn from white coral stone) with their "open arms"—door-steps branching out at the base to welcome the visitor—and flat roofs to catch the rain in cisterns; horizontal wells, which attract water into them from above, instead of from below; the small island where the Boer prisoners were confined after the last South African War; and the house in which George Washington once lived.

But, for historic interest, the best centre is the quaint old Towne of St. George, the capital of the islands from 1612 until 1815, when it was transferred to Hamilton. Here are narrow, winding, straggling streets and lanes, and curious old houses, clustering together on the hillside as though for shelter from all innovation, and breathing the true atmosphere of bygone days.

A Queen Anne church, quaintly built, on the site of one erected in the year 1612, has a priceless set of Communion plate with the royal coat of arms, presented by King William III.; and the oldest house on the islands, dating from 1620, once the Sessions House, has been, since 1816, a Masonic Lodge, at an annual rental of one peppercorn!

When Bermuda was strongly garrisoned and fortified, roomy barracks here were filled with troops, but now the only Regulars stationed in Bermuda are near Hamilton; St. George's Barracks are empty



A SCENE OF INCREDIBLE PEACE AND BEAUTY—YET TYPICAL OF BERMUDA: LILIES (WHICH ARE CULTIVATED IN LARGE QUANTITIES FOR THE EASTER MARKET IN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES) GROWING IN FRONT OF AN OLD BERMUDIAN HOUSE.

had a very tender passion for a fair maid of Bermuda; to the fine beach and natural rock arches at Tucker's Town; see the famous mid-ocean golf-course near by—one of the finest and most expensive in the world—and at the same time visit the Crystal Caves, where you will find some beautiful stalagmitic and stalagmitic caves, lit very ingeniously with electricity; and on the way you may see some of the pretty birds of Bermuda—the red cardinal, the bluebird, or the white long-tail—and catch glimpses of the neatly-kept fields of potatoes, carrots, celery, tomatoes, and onions, which, with Easter lilies and tourists, constitute the trade of the islands. Hard by a potato-patch occasionally is seen a small plantation of bananas, with an orchard of papaws, a reminder that Bermuda is on the edge of the Tropics, as, also, it



GOING TO BERMUDA IN COMFORT, AND WITH THE ENJOYMENT OF ALL THE AMENITIES THAT A VOYAGE UNDER A BRITISH FLAG CAN OFFER: THE "MONARCH OF BERMUDA," A SPLENDID VESSEL OF THE FURNESS BERMUDA LINE, LINKING NEW YORK WITH THE ISLANDS.

sponge; giant lobsters, and crustaceans of the most singular shapes and hues; sea-urchins; star-fish; devil-fish, which change their colour and throw out a "smoke screen" when pursued; sea puddings, and speci-

and in a sad state of disrepair, and its stout old forts are dismantled; but, in its odd little Public Gardens, it has a tablet in the side of a wall enshrining the memory of brave old Sir George Somers, whose heart lies buried somewhere near the spot. And though the tide of life runs high in Hamilton, methinks the real heart of Bermuda is still to be found in little old St. George's, where our kinsmen carried the flag of England and planted it in a spot which Englishmen will hold dear for evermore!



DIMINUTIVE CAPES AND ISLANDS THAT HAVE THE ALLURING QUALITY OF A JAPANESE MINIATURE GARDEN: A PANORAMA OF WOODS AND SEA AND WHITE HOUSES BUILT OF A CORALLINE STONE, WITH HAMILTON, THE CAPITAL, IN THE DISTANCE.

marks the extreme-northern limit of the activities of the coral worker, or polyp.

Shelley Bay and Bailey's Bay for north-coast scenery, where the feathery tamarisk thrives, and the Somerset, Southampton, Warwick, and Paget southern shore for the softer, more luxuriant scenery of the south, with Gibb's Hill Lighthouse, the highest point in the islands, for a marvellous bird's-eye view from its lantern tower, and Ireland Island, with its floating dock and naval relics, will all repay one for a visit. It would be treason, too, to Bermuda to miss seeing

mens of beautiful sea anemones—a marvellous collection of the wonders of the deep.

There are more "wonders" in the Bermuda Isles—the ducking-stool, where "scolds" were once punished; the very old Bermudian houses



LIKE A CORNER OF QUAIN OLD ENGLAND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ATLANTIC!—SOMERSET BRIDGE, ON SOMERSET ISLAND, SHOWING TYPICAL OLD HOUSES NEAR BY. In Bermuda, it may be noted, are still to be found men bearing the names of the pioneer English families of the reign of James I. The representative assembly of Bermuda is claimed to be the oldest in the Empire, after the House of Commons.





SOLace for Sun Worshipers

# WHITE STAR

announce a new programme of  
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This year has made a record for White Star holiday cruises. Some of the most famous of their Big Ships have been busily and exclusively employed in transporting people from the eccentricities of the English climate to the certainty of daylong sunshine. Again and again, weeks before sailing dates, berths and cabins have been fully booked.



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On January the twenty-eighth the Motor Vessel "Britannic" sails on a 40-day cruise to the West Indies and the Spanish Main, from Liverpool . . . . Fares from £70

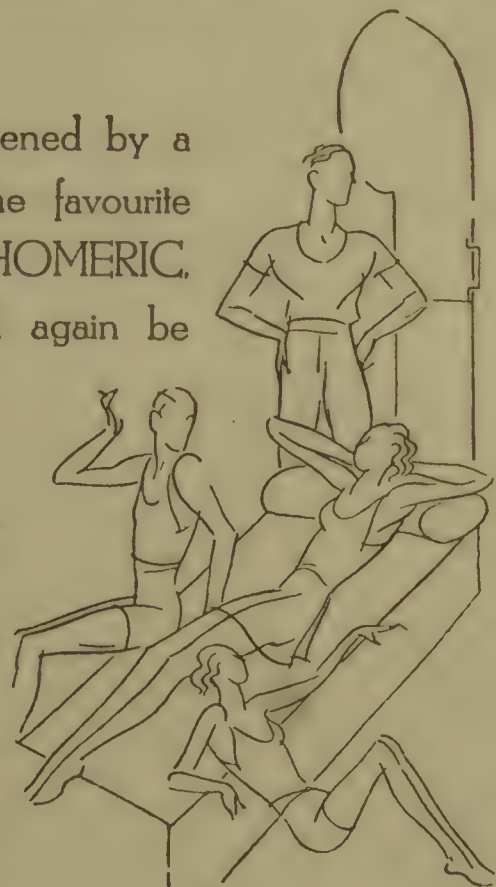
## OTHER CRUISES

December 21st, April 8th, R.M.S. HOMERIC sails to the Atlantic Isles, Gibraltar, etc., from Southampton. 14 days from £25. Also, on January 14th, February 4th, February 25th, and March 18th, to Spain, North Africa, and the Mediterranean, from Southampton. 19 days, from £35.

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### CASTLE HARBOUR—THE "WONDER" HOTEL OF BERMUDA.

IT seems scarcely credible that on one of the small coral islets of the Bermudas there should be one of the finest hotels in the world. Built of dazzling white coralline limestone, in a most romantic setting,



A REALLY SPORTING HOLE ON THE CASTLE HARBOUR HOTEL'S PRIVATE GOLF COURSE: THE TEE AT THE FIFTH.

on a verdure-clad bluff, o'ertopping tiny hills tinted with every shade of green—from a wealth of tree and shrub, almost ringed round with a sapphire sea, and with commanding views on every side, Castle Harbour Hotel calls to mind some dream palace in marble of a Moghul Emperor in a bygone age.

Here is magnificence not only of design, but of lay-out: beautiful lawns, palm-fringed and undulating grounds, where rock, tree, shrub, fern, and flower form a mosaic in colour, while amongst them a bathing-pool, of pink and white, its waters tinged a delicate green, nestles and blends into a harmonious whole. Shaded from the noontide sun, in the hotel's rear an arched and colonnaded loggia leads to a

spacious patio of lawn, with walks and tropical shrubbery, an avenue of graceful royal palms, and a lily-pond, cool and colourful—a "retreat" ideal!

A large rotunda, with domed ceiling, illumined with soft concealed lights, leads to a wide lounge, panelled in West Indian mahogany, with heavily beamed ceiling and massive fireplace of Bermudian stone; and you pass from this to a magnificent dining-room, with Corinthian columns and ceiling beams of old gold, where a staff of chefs drawn from the famous hotels of Europe provides a cuisine for some five hundred diners worthy of an appetite kindled by the cocktail of Enoch, of Le Touquet, who presides at the bar on the floor below, which leads to the silver grill.

Waiters who have learned their craft in Continental hostelrys serve your viands; smart-liveried ex-Guardsmen attend with precision to your other wants, and conduct you to one of nearly three hundred large bedrooms, luxuriously furnished in very modern style, and

with a marvellous variety of colour and design. Some are arranged in suites; all have private bath-rooms and fitted wardrobes, and many a one has a terrace of its own. English and Scottish chambermaids give their expert service to ensure comfort here, and over all presides M. Theodore Titze, hôtelier of world renown; small wonder, then, that Castle Harbour has already won its spurs as one of the world's leading hostelrys.

At night you dance in a hall of black and silver, with arched French windows open to the loveliness

of the star-spangled sky, to the rhythm of an orchestra of experts, or high up on the wide terrace o'erlooking the patio, beneath the dome of heaven, lit with silver moonlight, casting weird shadows amongst the tall palms. And by day you enjoy every form of recreation and sport—a carriage drive, riding, bathing from a coral beach, yachting, motor-boating, deep-sea fishing, archery, tennis on fine hard courts, and golf on a private and specially designed course, with greens of amazing turf, very sporting "proclivities," and the most fascinating scenery every inch of the way.

It is specially gratifying to know that Castle Harbour was designed by a British firm, Messrs. Yates, Cook, and Darbishire; built by the Regent Construction Company, of London, with British



THE EXCEEDINGLY LUXURIOUS CASTLE HARBOUR HOTEL, BERMUDA: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE FRONT; SHOWING THE MAIN TERRACE, THE SWIMMING-POL (LEFT), AND THE BEACH ELEVATOR TOWER IN THE DISTANCE.

steelwork and glass; whilst its superb furnishing goes to the credit of Messrs. Hampton and Sons, of Pall Mall. British genius holds its own in Britain's oldest colony!

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View of the vestibule, showing specially designed G.E.C. lighting Fittings.

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## TRINIDAD: THE FANTASTIC CHARM OF A TROPICAL COUNTRY IN MINIATURE— ONE OF THE HEALTHIEST OF THE WEST INDIES.



THE great charm of the West Indies is the manifold attractions they have to offer the tourist. Each of the larger and more important islands, such as Trinidad, Jamaica, Barbados, the Bahamas, and most of the smaller islands of the Leeward and Windward groups, have their special scenic and other features, and it would be quite wrong to imagine that when you have seen one of the islands you have, so to speak, seen them all.

The visitor to Trinidad will find there surroundings such as he will find in no other part of the West Indies. Lying just a few miles east of Venezuela—so near, in fact, that when entering the Gulf of Paria, between the famous Bocas, or Dragons' Mouths (huge masses of rock, towering to a great height from the sea, and covered with the greenest of jungle) you have usually a magnificent view of the lofty Venezuelan mountains of the mainland—the island of Trinidad is really a continuation of the continent of South America. Its flora and fauna resemble those of Venezuela, its mountains are the end of the great Venezuelan chain, and its people are a mixture—the coloured element of negro and South American Indian (with a further fusion of blood due to the presence of a large East Indian population and of Chinese), the Creole, or white, of British, Spanish, and French stock. In truth, Trinidad is a cosmopolis of the New World, and from this view-point alone it is vastly entertaining.

Port of Spain, its splendid capital, lies just inside the Gulf of Paria, and the approach to it leads past numbers of wonderfully picturesque little islands, of

sandy bays; the western coast is mostly flat and swampy, with a shallow sea, except where hilly ground, from a central range, forms picturesque promontories, as at San Fernando, the second largest town in Trinidad, and prettily built about a hillside, and Point-à

sugar-cane is ripening fast, showing patches of red and gold, topped with leaves of a brilliant green, and the plantations of cacao are a mass of luxuriant foliage, dotted with the yellow and purple of the huge bean-pods, and the brick-red blossoms of the Bois Immortel, planted near the cacao for shade.

A great deal of the cultivated area in Trinidad is devoted to cocoa (six times that of sugar and coconuts respectively), and you will see the plantations to perfection in the beautiful valleys of the Northern Range, in the districts of Arima and Blanchisseuse, where many of the gardens have been in cultivation from the old Spanish days. Here, at an elevation of a few hundred to well over a thousand feet, amid the most charming scenery, mountain peaks clothed with forest almost to their summits, waterfalls of grandeur, and crystal clear rivers, tumbling down to the plains over rocky boulders and through miniature

"MACQUERIE BAY, WHERE THE SEA-BATHING IS  
SPLENDID": A PLAGE, WITH A BACKGROUND OF  
TROPICAL JUNGLE, WHICH, IN THE SEASON, HAS  
A COOL AND EQUABLE SUB-TROPICAL CLIMATE.

Pierre. Near here is the famous oil region of Trinidad. The oil-fields are very different from the barren, tree-denuded wastes some people expect to find. The wells are situated amidst jungle-cleared land, in undulating country, and so rich is the surrounding vegetation that a tour of the oil region is a panorama of tropical scenery! Trinidad also possesses one of the wonders of the world in its famous Lake of Pitch, situated at La Brea, on the

canyons, the cocoa-planters live—in charming, spacious houses, surrounded with gardens teeming with flowers and shrubs of the most gorgeous colouring and orchards of luscious fruits. Excellent roads lead to this paradise amongst the hills, and no time could be spent better than in exploring the scenery of the Arima Valley.

Whilst in the neighbourhood, you may see the very picturesquely laid-out town of old Arima, dating from the days of the Spanish occupation, which still keeps its Santa Rosa fête day, and beyond Arima is another "Spanish" town, Sangre Grande, which still preserves a distinctly Spanish aspect. Before you arrive at Arima is the little town of St. Joseph, the Spanish capital of Trinidad in the old days, dating from 1577, and plundered, in 1595, by brave old Sir Walter Raleigh, then thinking of making Trinidad the base in his search for El Dorado. It was at St. Joseph that the Spanish Commander-in-Chief, Chacon, surrendered Trinidad to a British force, without a fight, in 1797, what time their Admiral,



WHERE LIFE IN THE COUNTRY HAS THE PICTURESQUE DIGNITY AND OLD-WORLD CHARM OF SPANISH SOUTH AMERICA, MINGLED WITH THE CONGENIAL FRIENDLINESS OF "BRITAIN BEYOND THE SEAS": A COCOA-PLANTER'S HOUSE AND DRYING-SHEDS ON ONE OF THE HILLS OF THE ARIMA VALLEY, TRINIDAD.

all sizes, most of them dotted with red-roofed bungalows, fancifully contrasting with the intense green of the surrounding vegetation, and all lying near to the coast, which is rocky, and in places rises sheer up from the water's edge, a tangled mass of cliff and verdant forest. It is to these "isles of romance" that holiday-makers resort from Port of Spain, and, in little bays clustering along the shore, obtain endless pleasure from bathing in waters that are always calm. And to all this there is a marvellous scenic background—in the jungle-clad mountains of the Northern Range, which rear themselves skywards but a short distance inland, and add their majestic note of beauty to sea and landscape.

On the other side of the Bocas, along Trinidad's northern coast, this scenery is repeated on a grander and vaster scale. Here the mountains taper to the sea in long stretches of mingled blue and green, and the bays are wide sweeps of golden sand with sapphire water flanking their bases. Galera Point, a fine headland in the extreme north-east, is a huge, broken mass of jungle-covered cliff, against which the Atlantic rollers hurl themselves in torrents of foam. Along the eastern coast there are enormous tracks of golden sand, firm enough in many places for a car to traverse, and forests of waving coconut-palms. Near Mayaro Bay whole forests of noble palmistes please the eye with their tall, smooth, symmetrical stems, crowned at the summit with a wealth of graceful feathery foliage.

The southern coast is a delightful medley of jungle-clad hills abutting on the sea, rocky headlands, and

west coast, which is very accessible by road from Port of Spain, and is well worth a visit. It will be found described on a subsequent page.

A short distance inland, between San Fernando and the great Caroni Swamp, especially in the Montserrat district, where the soil is very fertile, are numbers of fine sugar estates, particularly those of the Usine St. Madeleine Sugar Company. Here sugar is manufactured in the most scientific manner, and a visit to the factory and plantation enables one to realise that in Trinidad the British sugar-grower is certainly not lagging behind. In this neighbourhood, too, are the well-farmed and flourishing settlements of the East Indian immigrants. In the "tourist" months, January and February, when the climate of Trinidad is that of a warm English summer, the Montserrat countryside is very beautiful, for the



NOT A FILM SETTING FOR AN IMPOSSIBLE HOLLYWOOD "HAWAII," BUT A TYPICAL VIEW FROM THE COAST OF TRINIDAD: THE SCENE NEAR PORT OF SPAIN, WHICH IS EASILY AND COMFORTABLY REACHED IN BRITISH LINERS.

Apodaca, scuttled his fleet in Chaguaramas Bay, just inside the Bocas.

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(Continued overleaf.)



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*Continued.*

Trinidad, make grants for its maintenance; its staff is composed of the finest agricultural experts the Empire can furnish, and here, in laboratories equipped in the most up-to-date manner, experiments are being carried out continually to improve the quality and yield of such tropical plants as sugar, cocoa, coffee, spices, citrus fruits, and bananas, and to fight the diseases to which these cultures are liable. A sugar-factory, complete, is attached to the College, and a low-temperature station, for experimentation in the carriage of fruits from tropical regions to Europe. For anyone at all interested in tropical agriculture, a visit to Trinidad and its magnificent Tropical College would prove a very valuable and illuminating experience.

Several steamship lines maintain a service between this country and Trinidad: Fyffes, the Harrison Line, the Leyland Line, the Royal Netherlands Steamship Company, the Hamburg-Amerika Line, and the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, all very comfortable ships, and occupying, via Barbados, from twelve to fifteen days. Disembarkation is at Port of Spain, by tender, from the much-sheltered Roads, there being no harbour, and in Port of Spain you will find one of the most delightful abiding-places in the West Indies—at the famous Queen's Park Hotel. It is situated in the most fashionable quarter of Trinidad, facing the great savannah known as Queen's Park, a magnificent open space of 170 acres, green-turfed and ringed round with many noble shade trees. On the far side of the savannah are the beautiful Botanic Gardens, Government House and its spacious grounds, and, beyond, the forest-clad hills merging into high mountains. Ever by day a cool breeze blows over the savannah, making the roomy



THE HEART OF ENGLISH TRINIDAD, AN ISLAND WHICH WAS ONCE DESIGNED BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH AS THE BASE FOR HIS SEARCH FOR EL DORADO: GOVERNMENT HOUSE, WITH THE MOUNTAINS OF THE NORTHERN RANGE IN THE BACKGROUND.

verandah lounge of the hotel the most pleasant rendezvous in Port of Spain, whilst at night the cool air from the mountains ensures a refreshing sleep. All arrangements are made for the various kinds of sport the island affords: motoring, bathing, fishing, shooting, golf, and tennis, and you can visit any part of Trinidad during the day and return to this charming hostelry at night.

A short drive from the hotel takes one into the heart of Port of Spain, termed the "finest city in the West Indies," and certainly very well laid out, with handsome squares and public gardens, and kept strikingly clean. The streets are wide and well lit, and many of its shops are quite up to a European standard, whilst it has two fine cathedrals, and public buildings of imposing appearance. Here is the centre of Trinidad's "monopoly" industry—Angostura bitters—and here, too, a very large trade is done in sugar, rum and molasses, and cocoa. An excellent service of electric tram-cars makes transit very easy within the city, and Port of Spain is connected by rail and road with almost every other part of the island. Steamers ply between Port of Spain and many Venezuelan, Colombian, Panamanian, and Central American and American ports, and it is possible to fly, by weekly service of Pan-American Airways, to other West Indian islands, and on to New York and Montreal, also to the principal ports of the east and west coasts of South America.

The great charm of Port of Spain lies in its proximity to some of the finest scenery in the island, along the coast, through the great forests inland, and among the mountains. The trips by road to The Saddle and the Maraval Reservoirs, along the shore direct from Port of Spain to

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Macqueripe Bay, where the sea-bathing is splendid, and to Maracas Bay, giving a view of the beautiful Maracas Fall, where the water falls over a perpendicular wall of solid rock, 340 feet in height, amid magnificent mosses and ferns, are all through some of the most characteristic and lovely scenery Trinidad has to offer; and a cruise by boat along the north-western



A VIEW OF THE SECLUDED LITTLE ISLANDS, DOTTED WITH CHARMING BUNGALOWS, IN THE GULF OF PARIÁ: A PRINCIPAL HOLIDAY RESORT OF PORT OF SPAIN, WITH BATHING IN WATERS THAT ARE ALWAYS CALM.

coast, and amongst the islands near Chaguaramas Bay, is a cruise in a nautical fairyland, with a tropical setting.

Should you have the time, a somewhat longer cruise will transport you to the Island of Robinson Crusoe, the romantic little island of Tobago, which is a ward of Trinidad, and lies twenty miles north-east of it. From the position of and the description of the flora and fauna in his imaginary island given by Defoe, he certainly appears to have had Tobago in mind when he wrote his world-famous book, but, apart from this, Tobago has a real and stirring history, for it was here that the English flag was first hoisted, in 1580, whilst James I. claimed sovereignty over it in 1608. English colonists attempting settlement in 1628 were massacred by the fierce Caribs, then came a company of Zeelanders from Flushing, and after these a number of Courlanders, headed by the Duke of Courland. Dutchmen and Courlanders fought obstinately, the Dutch winning, and then the British fought the Dutch for Tobago, and finally, after French capture, it became British!

Tobago to-day is a very secluded and peaceful spot, where one may spend an absolutely quiet holiday, amongst magnificent scenery, with all the sport wished for, and with the opportunity of visiting one of the most unique of bird sanctuaries, on Little Tobago Isle, where are to be found the only birds of paradise in the New World. Introduced into the island in 1909,



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by the late Sir William Ingram, in the hope of acclimatising them, these beautiful birds have adapted themselves to their new home, and now they may be seen winging their flight from tree to tree, in the dense tropical forests, creatures of joy and loveliness!

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THE WEST INDIA COMMITTEE,  
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## THE MINERAL RESOURCES OF TRINIDAD.

OF all the West Indian islands, Trinidad alone is rich in minerals. The island has extensive oil-fields, and a lake of pitch which yields apparently inexhaustible supplies of excellent asphalt. The oil-fields, situated in the south-west and centre of the island, are spread over 137,000 acres of Crown lands, held under licences and leases, and there are appreciable areas of privately owned lands. Twelve principal companies are engaged in oil exploitation, of which most of the capital is British, and the total production in 1930 was 329,661,745 gallons, or '66 per cent. of the world's oil production, of which the entire British share was less than 2 per cent. Thus the importance of Trinidad to the British oil industry is very apparent.

The oil industry of Trinidad has been built up since the year 1908, when the New Trinidad Lake Asphalt Company drilled one of the first oil-wells, and in 1910 exported the first cargo of oil from the island. To-day there are 1780 wells, and all grades of petroleum products, from petrol to road oil, are produced. In the creation of this great and invaluable British industry a leading part has been played by Trinidad Leaseholds, the largest oil company operating on the oil-fields. This company has splendid refineries at Point-à-Pierre, on the west coast of Trinidad, near San Fernando, where it refines not only its own output, but purchases and refines a good deal of the crude oil won by other companies. The total quantity handled in the year ending June 30, 1930, was 962,000 tons, and the commodities obtained therefrom were marketed through the excellent organisation the company maintains for that purpose in this country.

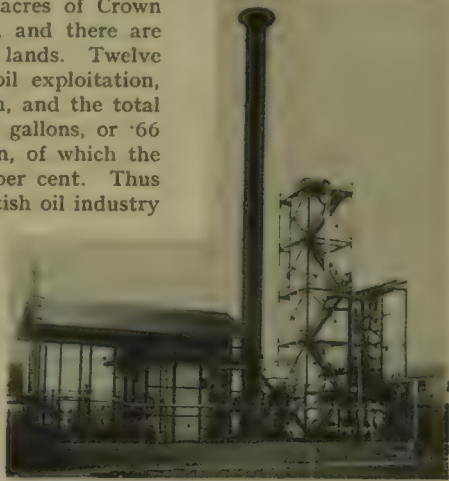
The pitch lake at La Brea, on the south-west coast, the sole source of the supplies of asphalt for which Trinidad is justly famous, is an extraordinary freak of nature. Three miles in circumference and 114 acres in area, with a depth certainly of hundreds of feet, this enormous deposit of asphalt was

formed by oil escaping from petroleum-soaked sands deep down beneath the lake area. The more volatile portions of the oil evaporated, and the residuum became the asphalt we see to-day. But with this residuum a very fine powder, a mineral ash, became mixed, by a tremendous emulsifying process, and so finely that the dust became an actual part of the asphalt, and it is this feature, peculiar alone to Trinidad asphalt, which gives it its increased surface energy for binding the stone and other materials used for road-making, and for resisting climatic and traffic conditions in every part of the world. The pitch lake was first exploited by the tenth Earl of Dundonald in 1851, and in the 'seventies we find William Ormiston Callender, the founder of the firm now famous as Callender's Cable and Construction Company, acquiring an interest in the lake, and becoming instrumental in bringing Trinidad

asphalt into practical use in this country for road-making, and, later, for the purpose of insulating overhead and underground electric cables. The lake has been in the hands of the same lessees, under various titles, since 1888, and in 1930 it was leased to the Trinidad Lake Asphalt Company for a period of twenty-five years, on payment of a specified royalty and export duties.

The lake has a curious appearance, for in places the deposits resemble huge mushroom growths, and they are always in motion: in the centre you can see the pitch slowly oozing up, and if you stand long in any part you find yourself gradually subsiding! On one occasion a tree appeared, rose ten feet above the surface, and then slowly disappeared, and experts estimated the age of a log cut from it as between 4000 and 5000 years! Another time, two bone fragments and the tooth of a mastodon were found. The asphalt is dug out by negro labourers

(the cavities they make soon refill), loaded into cars running on light railways, and taken to a large refinery on the lake shore, from which it is run off into barrels and shipped overseas from what is known popularly as "Brighton Pier." Trinidad's pitch lake was known to Sir Walter Raleigh. He pronounced it to be "most excellent good pitch, that melteth not with the sun, like the pitch of Norway"; and doubtless, after his day, many a buccaneer took his craft to La Brea to caulk up its seams with good Trinidad pitch.



MACHINERY BY THE PITCH LAKE AT LA BREA: TOPPING PLANT OF TRINIDAD LEASEHOLDS, LTD., SHOWING FURNACES ON THE LEFT.



THE FAMOUS PITCH LAKE OF TRINIDAD: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE SURFACE; WITH AN ASPHALT REFINERY IN THE BACKGROUND.



A FAMOUS FIRM WHICH HAS HAD A CONNECTION WITH THE PITCH LAKE SINCE THE 'SEVENTIES: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING HOW TRINIDAD BITUMEN IS USED BY CALLENDER'S CABLE AND CONSTRUCTION COMPANY IN SEALING CONNECTIONS IN JOINT-BOXES.

# TRINIDAD LEASEHOLDS LIMITED



Oilfield in the Fyzabad district of Trinidad. This is one of the many big fields from which the Company obtains its crude oil.



The above illustration shows a topping plant at a refinery of Trinidad Leaseholds, Ltd., at La Carrière, Trinidad.

## OIL PRODUCERS AND REFINERS



On the right is shown one of the big fleet of tanker lorries used in the distribution of "REGENT" Petrol.

The Company controls an area of 74,000 acres in Trinidad, British West Indies—one of the oldest Colonies in the British Empire. Supported by scientific research, Trinidad Leaseholds, Ltd., claims to possess refineries which, for efficiency, are second to none in the industry.

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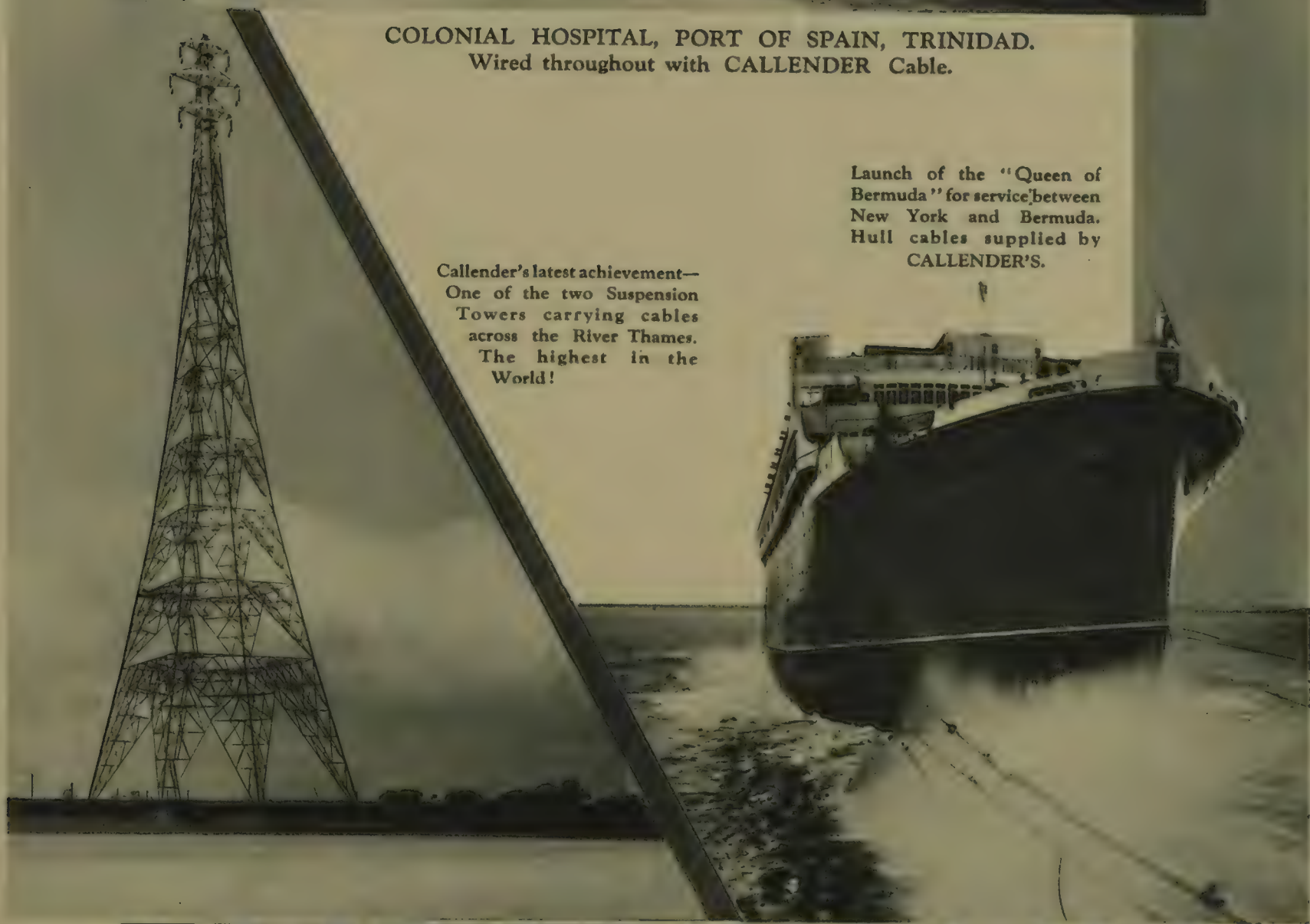




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## JAMAICA: THE QUEEN OF THE WEST INDIES.



TO MAKE A LONG CRUISE THIS WINTER, INCLUDING A VISIT TO JAMAICA: THE PACIFIC STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S FLAG-SHIP, "REINA DEL PACIFICO."

**L**ARGEST of all the British West Indian islands, Jamaica affords the tourist an opportunity of witnessing almost every variety of tropical and sub-tropical scenery. It has vast stretches of alluvial plain, teeming with most of the products of the Tropics—coconuts, sugar-cane, tobacco, coffee, cocoa, cassava, ginger, allspice, oranges, limes, bananas, and grape-fruit; hilly tracts, where fast-flowing rivers cut their way through lofty masses of jungle-clad limestone on their course to the sea; and abounding belts of forest, ablaze with the yellow of the West Indian ebony tree, the pale blue of the lignum vitae, the rosy tints of the beautiful anatta, the golden bronze of star-apple leaves, and purple portulaca.

Vast upland plains, where waving grasses give pasture to great herds of cattle and the air is cool and bracing; a wide range of lofty mountains, clothed

was Port Royal, and when this was transferred to Spanish Town, Port Royal became notorious as the chief resort of the buccaneers. It was overwhelmed by an earthquake and tidal wave in the year 1692, when a great part of the town sank beneath the sea, together with most of the buccaneers and their ill-gotten gains. Old Fort Charles, dating from the time of Charles II., and in which Nelson lived when he commanded the station in 1779, still survives, and, somewhere on the Palisadoes, the body lies buried of Henry Morgan, boldest of the buccaneers, who marched across the swampy, forest-clad Isthmus of Panama with a handful of men, fought an immensely superior

Spanish force, sacked Panama City, and got clear away with a million and a-half of loot, and afterwards became Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of Jamaica, what time he suppressed piracy effectually in these waters!

Kingston, founded after the disaster to Port Royal, was made the capital in 1870, and was almost totally destroyed by fire and earthquake in 1907. It was rebuilt in modern style, and is now an up-to-date and prosperous town, with fine public buildings and mercantile offices, good roads, well lit, attractively laid out public gardens, pretentious shops, and several very comfortable hotels, of which the Grenville is pleasantly situated and moderate in its charges. Another very comfortable hotel, situated some four-and-a-half miles out of Kingston on rising ground, with a very pleasant outlook, is the Mona Great House Hotel, formerly the palatial mansion of a wealthy sugar-planter. Constant Spring, a few miles outside Kingston, near the beautiful Hope Botanic Gardens and close beside the lower hills of the Blue Mountains, is the most luxuriously appointed hotel in the island, and here, apart from the splendid view and the benefit of an adjacent golf-course, the visitor enjoys a distinctly cooler climate, especially at night. In this neighbourhood are many of the fine homes of Kingston's well-to-do folk, some very English in their aspect, and most having glass windows, despite the tropical climate!

Rows of wharves line Kingston's water-front, always very busy with shipping from most of the large ports of the world, and trafficking is principally in sugar, rum, molasses, bananas, coffee, copra, cocoa, spices, and log-wood. Manual labour is black, but the retail trade is in the hands of the Chinese. Kingston has no marine promenade, with facilities for enjoying the sea breeze, but a few miles along

the coast, eastwards, is Bournemouth Bath, which claims to be the largest equipped aquatic club in the West Indies, and is certainly an attractive spot, with safe bathing, and here, too, is the floating arrival station for Pan-American Airways' passengers from Miami and Havana. Kingston is connected by rail and road with all the tourist centres in Jamaica, and it has the advantage of possessing a very helpful Tourist Bureau. From here, by car, across the Blue Mountains to Port Antonio, where there is magnificent scenery—the exquisite Blue Hole Lagoon—and a fine river, the Rio Grande, adown which one can raft, over thrilling rapids and past stretches of wildly romantic beauty, and back by way of the lovely Wag Water Valley, near the foot of the mountains, and passing the very beautiful Botanic Gardens of Castleton—is a journey of



PERHAPS THE LOVELIEST OF JAMAICA'S MANY HARBOURS: A GENERAL VIEW OF PORT ANTONIO, ON THE NORTH COAST.



RAFTING ON THE RIO GRANDE, ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF THE MANY RIVERS OF JAMAICA: A RIVER THAT CONTAINS THRILLING RAPIDS AND STRETCHES OF WILDLY ROMANTIC BEAUTY.

almost to their summits with valuable timber trees—mahogany, juniper, cedar, yacca, satinwood, and clumps of tall bamboo; whilst in the gullies the graceful tree-fern grows in profusion, by banks lined with a bewildering collection of mosses and ferns, and on wide hillside clearings, plantations of red-berried coffee, with, around the homes of the planters, gardens gay with flowers of tropic and cooler climes; and a coast here flat, sandy, and mangrove-lined or fringed with palms; there wild and rocky but crowned with verdure—a mosaic of white cliff, green forest, and sapphire sea!

Many steamship lines, with excellent passenger accommodation, provide passage to Kingston, the chief port and capital of Jamaica—Fyffes Line, the Direct Fruit Line, the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, the Leyland Line, and others; and the first glimpse of the island, seen from near the Palisadoes—a long, shrub-clad sand-spit which juts out from the mainland and forms Kingston Harbour, one of the finest in the world—is one of infinite beauty. Left lie the green-clad Healthshire Hills, before you a broad sheet of smooth blue water bordering a faint white line of the distant buildings of Kingston, and beyond this a gently rising plain of green, flanked by low foot-hills; these in turn backed by a great rampart of mountains, half-veiled in tints of a delicate bluish hue, here and there a peak hidden beneath a wrapping of fleecy white mist. To see the sun rise whilst you are here is to witness a scene of ineffable grandeur.

As you pass the Palisadoes into the harbour, all that is left of old Port Royal may be seen—on this small strip of sandy shore. Captured from the Spaniards in Cromwell's time, by Admiral Penn and General Venables, the capital of Jamaica until 1662



IDEAL TROPICAL MOUNTAIN SCENERY: A VALLEY IN THE FAMOUS BLUE MOUNTAINS OF JAMAICA; SHOWING BRANDON HILL IN THE BACKGROUND.

Motoring in the glorious Blue Mountains, the highest range of the central mountainous backbone of the island, can be an unforgettable experience. On their slopes is grown some of the finest coffee in the world, to which the Blue Mountains give their name.

continuous joy, a feast of the most perfect tropical mountain and river scenery.

Another glorious run from Kingston is by way of the quaint East Indian village, where Indian peasants from India have settled down, often with negro wives, to cultivate vegetables for the Kingston market, past an immense old silk cotton tree, which figures in "Tom Cringle's Log," to Spanish Town, the old capital, with many fine buildings grouped around a handsome Square; notably the King's House, a former residence of the Jamaican Governors, the old House of Assembly, and a splendid memorial to Rodney, and, near by, a cathedral of red brick, rebuilt in 1714, which, with those of Cartagena and Havana, is the oldest in the New World. After leaving Spanish Town, the road passes through the beautiful gorge of the Rio Cobre, known as Bog Walk, between forest-clad hills and precipitous cliffs, and the banks of the fast-flowing river are clothed on one side with shrubs and trees of every shade of green, and carpeted on the other with flowers of orange and pink and blue. Then on through the attractive little market town of Linstead, to climb, by way of Mount Diavolo and past Mount Rosser, to a height of 2000 feet, gain a wide-sweeping view of the great inland plateaux and low mountain ranges of Central Jamaica, emerge into the rolling plains of the cattle country about Moneague—the Jamaican Downs—and then down a winding road to the coast at Oche Rios, through a mile or more of gently sloping banks, covered with an amazing variety of ferns, and surmounting all, but growing back from the banks, revealing the fern-wealth and forming a leafy arch across the road, a beauteous collection of trees: such is Fern Gully, one of the choicest beauty spots in Jamaica.

From Oche Rios—an old Spanish town, where the Spaniards put up their last fight and then ran away—to Cuba you drive for miles along a beautiful coastal road, the Corniche of Jamaica, around, and tunnelling under, jungle-clad hills, which thrust their spurs seawards, with charming glimpses of a rocky, green-mantled coast, washed by a sea, here of light and dark green, there of purple and of blue fantastic colouring, whilst far out, on dark-patched reefs, great waves break in a whirl of foam.

(Continued overleaf.)



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# Cunard



(Continued.)

At one favoured spot, Dunn's River, a tiny mountain torrent tumbles over small boulders beneath the road, and falls, between a wealth of foliage, over a series of regularly carved natural terraces, several

with every comfort, perched on rocky cliffs, almost o'erhanging the placid sea, and a magnificent bathing beach, protected by reefs from dangerous currents and breakers, and a cunningly contrived aquatic club, amid rocks and palms, green lawns and flower-beds, and—such is the trend of modern life, even here in far-off Jamaica—a dance-hall, cocktail bar, and other amenities of civilisation. In the season, with brilliant sunshine and a bracing sea-breeze, the beach will be crowded with a gay throng, disposed beneath gaudily striped umbrella tents, or turning themselves all shades of brown beneath the tropic sun—the Lido of Jamaica!

There is much else to see in Jamaica—the lovely table-land about Mandeville, 2000 feet above sea level, where the climate is always ideal and people live almost for ever; the far-spreading plantations of bananas, where, under the auspices of the Jamaica Producers Association, banana-growers, white and coloured, the latter peasant proprietors, work co-operatively in producing supplies of that luscious fruit for the markets of the Mother Country; the scented gardens where the pimento, or allspice, grows; also the famed Jamaican ginger; the coconut groves; the fruit orchards, where you may well be tempted to eat sapodilla, star-apple, custard-apple, and pine-apple, or loquat, papaw, and, if in season, the mango; and the fine sugar plantations, notably that of Gray's Inn, where

the production of sugar is conducted on very up-to-date lines and attains a very high standard. Having seen the process of sugar-making and molasses, the next move will be to see some of the rum for which Jamaica is so famous, and this can be seen and tasted to perfection at the House of Myers, in Kingston, whence comes the fine old rum you will have tasted already in many forms—Planter's Punch, rum sizzle, rum cocktail—and all good!

Other sights in Jamaica are the picturesquely situated old mansions of the sugar "princes" of bygone days, generally sumptuously fitted with priceless old mahogany; the lovely birds—the Jamaican nightingale, the long-tailed humming bird, Savannah blackbird, banana quit, loggerhead, tinkling

crackle, and the handsome black-billed parrot; the gorgeous butterflies, of which the prize for collectors is *P. homerus*; and the glorious collection of orchids in the Hope Botanic Gardens. Last, but by no means least, in Jamaica you will find every facility for sport of all kinds—bathing, yachting; fishing—tarpon, snapper, mountain mullet, and calipeva, the Jamaica salmon, will please the expert angler; shooting—duck, teal, and snipe; golf, tennis, and motoring over quite good roads (Jamaica's main road mileage is upwards of 2000), and you will meet with much hospitality, and discover amongst the happy coloured people of this well-governed, very contented, and prosperous West Indian island much



THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF JAMAICA: OLD HOUSES IN THE PICTURESQUE MAIN STREET OF PORT ROYAL.

Port Royal was captured from the Spaniards in Cromwell's time, and was the capital of Jamaica until 1662. Later it became notorious as the chief resort of buccaneers, but an earthquake and tidal wave in 1692 swallowed up most of the town and with it much of the pirates' treasure.

feet in width, on to the golden sands below, and forms a bath fitting for nymph or Naiad: at another, Roaring River Falls, a mass of water pours down some hundred feet of broken-up fern- and moss-clad rock, bordered with palms and noble trees of the jungle, in a series of silvery cascades.

And so you pass on, by the cove near St. Ann's Bay, where Christopher Columbus landed with his damaged caravels, in 1503, and stayed for a year to repair them, past Rio Bueno, with its old Fort Dundas, and Falmouth, once an important shipping port, to Montego Bay, an old, picturesquely built town, on an island-studded inlet of the sea, with high mountains for a background, where live the last of the once-dreaded Maroons, amongst jungle fastnesses. At Montego Bay you will find hostleries



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## BARBADOS: THE SUGAR ISLAND OF THE WEST.

**N**EAREST of all the isles of the West Indies to the Motherland, Barbados has, apart from this, many inducements to offer the British tourist. It is considered to be the healthiest of the islands, lying as it does right out in the open ocean, exposed to the full strength of the cool, bracing trade-winds, and, with abundant sunshine, so tempered during the winter months that life can be led in the open air from morn till night. Proof of the salubrity of Barbados is to be found in the fact that it attracts many holiday-makers from neighbouring islands, and its famous bathing-beaches, of firm white sand, on a gently shelving shore, with perfect facilities for visitors, and affording the safest and finest bathing imaginable, are thronged during the season with enthusiasts of the open-air life from many different quarters of the globe, but principally from Canada and the Mother Country.

The island has no lofty mountains, but it is not flat or swampy. Hills in the interior rise to a height of a thousand feet, and thrust out great spurs to the north-east coast, whilst the descent to sea-level is in a series of bold terraces of limestone, pierced in many directions by ravines, down which, after heavy rain, torrents of water race to the sea. These great terraces, with, in places, a steep escarpment, lend a peculiar charm to the island, for they are carpeted with broad fields of sugar-cane, waving in the strong breeze like the much-rippled surface of a sea of the densest green, and when the cane is in bloom, tipped with long, feathery arrows, and ripening from yellow to golden-brown and red, the sight is a fascinating one.

Little of the original forest of Barbados has been left; here and there, in gullies or by some planter's homestead, you will see some of the old mahogany and other valuable timber trees of the island, but, generally speaking, cultivation has replaced the jungle of old. Indeed, Barbados is so well cultivated, and it resembles the Mother Country so much in this respect, that it has been termed "Little England," and it deserves the compliment.

Another of the attractions of Barbados is its peculiar historic interest. For over 300 years it has been British,

windmills were used for power for grinding the canes to pulp; some are used still, on small plantations, and these, dotted about the island, with cattle near by, feeding on pulp refuse, lend a very picturesque touch to the landscape, and to the visitor from this country a very familiar one.

Steamships of many different lines run direct from the United Kingdom to Barbados—Elders and Fyffes, the Harrison Line, the Leyland Line, the Hamburg-Amerika Line, and the Royal Netherlands Steamship Company, the last-named giving the quickest passage—ten days—with some of its fastest vessels. The first sight of the island is the low-lying palm and casuarina-fringed coast near Bridgetown, the quaint old capital and chief port of Barbados. Large steamers are unable to enter the harbour; they lie off the shore in Carlisle Roads, an excellent anchorage, and landing is by launch, or in one of the quaintly named and often highly decorated rowing-boats, manned

design. I have spent many a happy hour watching the quayside of Bridgetown, and found it of amazing interest. Just by, in Trafalgar Square, stands a fine statue of Nelson, the second erected in the Empire, and he, ever looking down on this scene of continual maritime bustle, approves it highly, I am sure!

Barbados is, despite its population of nearly 200,000, a very small island, 21 miles long by 14 broad, and for the tourist the chief centre is the pretty suburb of Bridgetown known as Hastings Rock, situated a few miles along the coast, on the open sea, and where, amid park-like surroundings, in bracing air, within easy reach of an excellent golf-course, of the Savannah—a large open space surrounded with fine shade trees, where there is a race-course—and of the bathing-beaches, he will have the advantage of a fine, large, up-to-date hotel, the Marine—the only one of its class in the island—standing in its own well-

kept grounds, amid a profusion of palms and other trees and beautiful flowering plants, not to mention a private golf-course. There are smaller hotels in Barbados, but the Marine is the well-known rendezvous of visitors, where you may be sure of all-round comfort, and from which excursions may be made with ease to any part of the island.

The chief delight in Barbados is the bathing—from the splendid beach of the Aquatic Club, which is, to my mind, the best in the West Indies; but there are many other spots for this exhilarating pastime—the Hastings and Worthing beaches, the Crane Hotel beach, on the south-east coast, and Bathsheba, in the hilly north-eastern district, where there is fine surf-bathing and magnificent coastal scenery. Barbados also offers good sea-fishing, especially for barracouda; yachting, under the auspices of the Barbados Yacht Club; tennis; and golf—on the Rockley Golf and Country Club course; and as for motoring, roads radiate in all directions from Bridgetown and Hastings, covering the island, and they are mostly very good.

A visit should be paid to Speightstown (Spikestown), a very old settlement which once did a good trade with Bristol, and has the oldest church, All



A SMALL SUGAR ESTATE IN BARBADOS, WITH A WINDMILL STILL IN USE TO PROVIDE POWER FOR GRINDING THE CANES TO PULP.



THE SECOND STATUE OF NELSON EVER ERECTED IN THE EMPIRE: TRAFALGAR SQUARE, BRIDGETOWN.

and never once has the Union Jack been hauled down by a foreign invader. Its House of Assembly dates from 1627, the oldest in the Empire, after that of Bermuda and the House of Commons, and the only fighting it has ever known was in the time of the Civil War, when the sugar-planters took sides, and the Royalists, being strengthened by recruits from many refugee Royalist families from England, gained the upper hand to such an extent that Cromwell was forced to send out Sir George Ayscue, with a fleet of seven vessels, to subdue the Cavaliers! And he did so only after some stout fighting and not a little loss of life. It is interesting to note that when the "Articles of Agreement" with Cromwell were signed, the representative institutions of the Colony were preserved.

Barbados started with tobacco-planting, but this was soon superseded by sugar. The plantations were worked with black and white slave labour, the latter recruited from the prisoners of war sent out to Barbados, after the subjugation of Scotland and Ireland by Cromwell, and after Monmouth's Rebellion. The descendants of some of these unhappy folk may be met with in some parts of the island to-day, particularly in the north-east, and they are known, popularly, as "red-legs."

Vast fortunes were made in sugar-planting in this little island, the first to grow sugar, and one which still relies almost wholly on sugar for its trade, and maintains a reputation for sugar cultivation second to none. In the old days,

by negroes, with which every vessel is surrounded as soon as it has cast anchor.

Bridgetown has little of a tropical aspect. Built long ago, it is very rambling, with narrow streets and very narrow foot-paths, but it has many modern buildings, resembling those of an English town, with certain adaptations to suit the climate, and its principal public edifices are really handsome and stand in very attractive surroundings. There is a charm about its fine old harbour and quayside which is fascinating to those who love a very quaint old-world port, full of life and colour. Here you will see some of the most picturesque of the few surviving windjammers of the sea-going world—great Nova Scotian schooners, in to load molasses for a northern port; smart little inter-island West Indian sailing-craft, negro-manned;

ships up from Venezuelan, Colombian, and Panama ports, and Barbados fishing-boats, of quaint rig and original



DIVING BOYS OF BARBADOS: AN ATTRACTIVE FEATURE OF BRIDGETOWN HARBOUR, AFFORDING VISITORS MUCH AMUSEMENT WITH THEIR SKILL AND FUND OF ENTERTAINING PATTERN.

Barbados is deservedly becoming one of the most popular holiday resorts in the West Indies. The island is not large, being about the size of the Isle of Wight, and it is intensively cultivated, mostly under sugar cane. The population is dense, consisting mainly of negroes, who outnumber the whites by nine to one. The negroes have a well-marked physiognomy and a dialect of their own, and are passionately attached to the island.



WHERE GEORGE WASHINGTON LIVED FOR A FEW MONTHS IN 1751: A HOUSE IN BRIDGETOWN, THE CAPITAL OF BARBADOS.

Saints, in the island, and old Fort Denmark; and to Hole Town, the scene of the first landing of Englishmen in Barbados, in 1605, though only to hoist the flag. Hackleton's Cliff, in St. Joseph's Parish (Barbados is entirely mapped out in parishes), gives a splendid view of the more rugged part of the island, and St. John's Church, near by, has in its churchyard the tomb of Ferdinand Paleologus, descendant of the last ruler of the Byzantine Empire. Christ Church, once the scene of extraordinary disturbances in a vault there, accredited to a supernatural agency, will attract those who have an interest in things abnormal; and the old mansion of Lord's Castle, built in 1809 of special materials and so as to withstand hurricanes, is of great architectural interest; whilst Bridgetown has a house in which George Washington lived for a few months in 1751.

But my greatest joy in Barbados was to get out on to a sugar plantation, and study there the fine open-air life lived by the planters, which, with their roomy old houses and fine gardens, their fruit orchards and stock-yards and poultry-runs, greatly resembles the life of the farmer here. Stay—there are the farm-hands to be taken into account, and these are negroes, and such negroes!—happy, laughing, care-free, and so black and fat, with such a pack of piccaninies per household, and all crowding into the most impossibly small replicas of the white man's big house that you look upon it as one of the finest conjuring tricks you ever saw, and come to the conclusion, on the spot, that this alone was worth the visit to Barbados!



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# THE ISLES OF THE BAHAMAS: A FISHERMAN'S PARADISE.

TOGETHER WITH A NOTE ON THE LEEWARD AND WINDWARD ISLANDS.

WHEN Christopher Columbus sighted the first land of the New World, the land he saw was the small island of the Bahamas known as Watling Island, and he was so charmed by this and other

of the island. A leading industry of the Bahamas is sponge-fishing—Nassau is one of the chief sponge markets of the world—and to go out by boat to the Great Bahama Banks and view the sponge-fishers at work, hooking the sponges up from shallow beds, is to witness an extremely interesting sight.

The Bahama Islands are a paradise for fishermen. Their waters swarm with fish of all sizes and varieties, many of gorgeous colouring; for instance, the rainbow-coloured parrot fish, the yellow-tail snapper, the blue angel, the saucer-eye porgy with a golden eye and a purple streak, the blue-striped grunt, the brown, yellow-spotted chub, the red goat fish, and the cow pilot, with its yellow and black bands. Not many miles out from Nassau the angler may have the most thrilling sport with shark, king fish, amber jack, or barracouda, or less strenuous exercise with black fish, mullet, shad and bream, and many another variety of good edible fish. In Nassau you can take a glass-bottomed boat and see the marvels of marine life on the coral reefs, where fishes of vivid

THE LEEWARD AND WINDWARD ISLANDS: HISTORIC ISLES OF THE CARIBBEAN.

STRUNG out like a necklet of pearls in the Caribbean Sea, between Porto Rico and Trinidad, the small isles of the Leeward and Windward groups, little known to-day, once helped largely to make West Indian history. In their water stout sea-fights were fought by Benbow and Rodney, several of the islands changed hands between English and French not once, but several times, and there is scarcely one that has not known sanguinary fighting with either the French or the Spaniards: scarce an isle which has not furnished pirate and buccaneer with a rendezvous some time.

No tour to the West Indies is complete without a glimpse of some, at any rate, of these historic and lovely islands, where life to-day runs on very much the same lines as in days of long ago, and you realise very vividly the delights and drawbacks of existence in the "back blocks" of the Tropics. There is little St. Kitts, first isle of the West Indies settled by Englishmen, the Mother Colony, and which has, in the fortress of Brimstone Hill, the "Gibraltar of the West Indies," where 600 British Regulars and 350 local Militia held 8000 French troops, supported by heavy artillery, at bay for several weeks, and made it possible for Rodney to fight and conquer the French Admiral de Grasse. Nevis, near by, was once the Harrogate or Bath of the West Indies. Planters there owned lordly mansions, and at one of these, Montpelier, Nelson met and married Fanny Nesbitt. And at Antigua, not far off, is an old naval harbour and dockyard where Nelson refitted his ships in 1805, when in pursuit of Villeneuve, just before the Battle of Trafalgar.

Hilly Montserrat has fragrant groves of lime-trees, and there you may hear the Irish brogue spoken by negroes, for the island was largely peopled with Irish prisoners after Cromwell's subjugation of Ireland. Dominica is a complex of high mountains and deep valleys, clothed in tropical forest of bewildering luxuriance, where the coloured natives speak a curious French-English patois; and St. Lucia, also very mountainous and extremely lovely, grows wonderful crops of spices, coffee, cocoa, sugar, and bananas, and has a magnificent, almost land-locked harbour at Castries, the capital. In St. Vincent, the dread volcano, Soufrière, is now silent, and the island produces the

finest arrowroot in the world, whilst its botanic gardens, the oldest in the West Indies, possess in *Spachea perforata* the only specimen known of this tree. Finally, Grenada, rich almost beyond imagination in tropical growths, has a capital, St. George, set so romantically on a high rocky promontory, half-surrounded by lofty mountains and built with such charm, that a visit to it fills one with an intense longing to return.



THE LARGEST MOTOR-VESSEL IN THE WORLD: THE 27,000-TON WHITE STAR LINER "BRITANNIC," WHICH DOES A FINE CRUISE TO THE WEST INDIES THIS WINTER.

The "Britannic," in her cruise from January 28 to March 9, will visit the Azores, Barbados, Trinidad, Venezuela, Colon, Jamaica, Cuba, the Bahamas, and Madeira.

islands of the Bahamas that he wrote to Ferdinand of Spain: "This country excels all others as the day excels the night in splendour." And ever since the time of Columbus, the isles of the Bahamas have continued to enchant mankind—with the beauty of their coral-strewn, palm-fringed coasts, kissed by an iridescent, opal-tinted sea, and the wondrous perfection of their climate.

They stretch over a distance of 760 miles, from the easterly end of Cuba to within fifty miles of the coast of Florida, at Miami—690 islands in the group, all low-lying, ranging from Andros, with 1600 square miles, to some tiny islands of a few acres only; and of old they were the resort of pirates and buccaneers of all nations: there is scarcely an island of any size that has not some stirring tale to tell or hidden treasure to disgorge!

The main industry of the Bahamas to-day is the tourist trade, for which the islands are not only splendidly organised, under the auspices of the Trade Development Board of Nassau, but for which, also, Nature has bestowed upon them advantages which can scarcely be surpassed. They have a climate which, between November and May, is one of the finest in the world, with a daily average shade temperature of 70°, only very occasional showers of rain, to refresh the lawns and flower-beds, and a continuous breeze from the ocean, generally too light to do other than ripple the calm sea, which enables bathing, yachting, canoeing, sculling, and fishing to be carried on, and cruising amongst the many islands, under the most favourable conditions.

There are also delightfully designed golf-courses by the sea-shore, tennis courts set amidst a wealth of tropical bloom and foliage, and miles of treated roads which render motoring extremely enjoyable. Accommodation for visitors is of all kinds, from big luxury hotels, with hundreds of rooms and every modern comfort, to homely private hotels and boarding-houses, whilst private houses, furnished and unfurnished, can be hired for the season. No steamers go direct to the Bahamas from this country, but access is easy either from Jamaica or from Bermuda, and travelling by way of New York, rail from there to Miami, and thence to Nassau by boat, the journey may be done in eight days. Nassau, the capital, on New Providence island, and dating from 1739, has a very picturesque appearance from the sea. Built on a gently rising plain of coralline limestone, of which the houses are fashioned, their whiteness forms a vivid contrast with the intense green of the palms, the masses of vivid bloom of the poincianas, the bougainvillæas, and other bright-flowering plants amongst which they are interspersed. Old forts guard the entrance seawards, and a sky of cerulean blue overhead, and a beach of coral sand of dazzling white, aid in stamping upon the mind's eye a picture it can never forget.

A short car drive takes one to pine forests in the centre of the island, amongst the Blue Hills, and the Mermaid's Pool, and if you go on to South-West Bay, and then to Old Fort, and back into Nassau along a splendid coastal road, you will have seen a good deal



A BATHING BEACH NEAR NASSAU, THE CAPITAL OF THE BAHAMAS, ON NEW PROVIDENCE ISLAND: ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS HOLIDAY RESORTS IN THE WORLD.

colouring swim amongst strange growths of coral, and huge sea plants, fan-shaped and of delicate purple tints, bend backwards and forwards with the motion of the tide; and just across the harbour are the famed bathing beaches of Hog Island, where you bathe from a coral strand in a sea scintillating with colour.

When you have exhausted the charms of Nassau, there are those of the many other islands—the Biminis, where Ponce de Leon hoped to find the Fountain of Youth; Andros, with its fine forests, its scarlet-clad flamingoes, and waters where tarpon leap and play, where you will see soft tropical scenery and colourfully dressed natives; Abaco, a virile white colony, which has kept intact for 200 years, and where still are old men who remember sea-fights between Confederate blockade-runners and Federal war-vessels; the Windward Islands, on one of which the notorious pirate Blackbeard buried treasure, and where you can hunt the wild boar; Exuma Cays, where yachts can sail for sixty miles through calm waters studded with woody islets; pine-clad Grand Bahama; and Watling Island, for ever linked with the immortal name of Columbus. And these are but a few of the other beautiful islands of the Bahamas—calling you to their delights! And such are the attractions of the Bahamas that nobody who can spare them a visit will be disappointed.



CASTRIES, THE CAPITAL OF ST. LUCIA IN THE WINDWARD ISLANDS: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN AND ITS MAGNIFICENT, ALMOST LAND-LOCKED, HARBOUR, TAKEN FROM THE MORNE HEIGHTS.



ST. GEORGE, THE BEAUTIFUL CAPITAL OF GRENADA: A GENERAL VIEW, SHOWING ONE OF THE FINE CHURCHES, AND OLD HOUSES GROUPED ABOUT THE HILL.

The Leeward and Windward Islands have a unique charm, and might well attract those who, wishing to enjoy the delights and beauties of the West Indies, shun the more frequented beaches. Grenada lies not far from Trinidad, at the south of the southern, or Windward, group.



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THOSE fortunate people who have been able to decide upon a visit to Bermuda and the West Indies, to exchange long weeks of fog, frost, snow, and cold biting easterly winds, for a period of luxurious warmth and sunshine, and of continuous charm of scenery and historic interest, in Britain's oldest possessions overseas, sailing through waters once the haunt of pirate and buccaneer, will need next to study the problem of the best method of achieving their purpose. It is really little of a problem, because the West Indies and Bermuda are so well served as regards sea connections with this country that it is merely a matter of making a choice from a number of excellent services.

There are, of course, nowadays, two entirely different methods of overseas travel—by regular passenger liner service and by pleasure cruise. If a stay of several days or weeks in one particular island of the West Indies or in Bermuda is aimed at, then obviously a choice must be made from the lines offering a direct service to the island in question, and, in the case of the West Indian islands generally, you will find that Fyffes Line (Elders and Fyffes) will be able to do for you all that you wish. This Line, with a fine fleet of vessels, specially designed for passenger traffic, carrying first-class passengers only, and doing the journey from Avonmouth to Barbados within twelve days, has a direct service to Jamaica at a minimum return fare of £50; and it also provides for its patrons a very interesting round tour at a minimum of £70, which, starting from Avonmouth, takes in Barbados, Trinidad, La Guaira (Venezuela), Cristobal (Panama), and Kingston (Jamaica), giving a stay of two days in Kingston, from which port the homeward run is direct to Avonmouth. This trip may also be done with a stop-over at either Barbados, Trinidad, or Jamaica, resuming the journey by the next fortnightly steamer; and however you arrange it, this gives an excellent opportunity of seeing the larger islands of the West Indies at your leisure.

Another direct service from this country to Jamaica is provided by the Jamaica Direct Fruit Line, which has the advantage of sailings from the Port of London, and offers a very comfortable first-class passage (intermediate-class passengers are also carried) to Kingston, with sailings every week, at a minimum fare of £50 return.

A direct service from Liverpool to Bermuda is maintained by the Pacific Steam Navigation Company with a fleet of magnificent steamers, having very fine passenger accommodation. Sailings are monthly, and by way of La Rochelle, Santander, Corunna, and Vigo, thus enabling passengers to see a picturesque Southern French port, and get a good view of the bold rocky coast of Northern Spain and three leading Spanish ports. As these vessels go on to South America, special arrangements are made whereby passengers can book a round tour—Liverpool-Bermuda-Liverpool, with hotel in Bermuda whilst awaiting the homeward-bound steamer, and transference of self and baggage to and from the steamer, at an inclusive charge of from £50-57 minimum rates. This gives those who have limited time for a tour an excellent opportunity of seeing these wonderful little islands and enjoying a bracing

day service from New York to Bermuda, giving a quick Transatlantic connection, and the passage to Bermuda occupies only two-and-a-half days. The Furness Bermuda Line also has a service from New York to Trinidad, via Bermuda, calling at all of the Leeward and Windward Islands, and thus furnishing for British tourists staying in Bermuda an excellent route for this interesting tour.

But should you have no wish to stay any length of time in any one island, and prefer to see a little, as much as you can in a short space of time, of as many of the islands as possible, then undoubtedly the thing for you is a pleasure cruise amongst these "jewels" of the Tropics.

One can understand the vogue of the pleasure cruise. What manner of seeing strange and beautiful lands can be more enjoyable than to view them from, as it were, your own home?—for this is what a pleasure cruise means. Modern ocean travel provides you with your own little sanctum, in which you have the comfort of your own home with, all about you, the appointments of a splendid hotel and the recreations of a good Country Club!

A few days of cool weather and, possibly, choppy seas, and then you pass, *en route* for the West Indies, into glorious sunshine and calm seas, with open-air life and exhilarating sport from morn to night; and, after a meal such as might be equalled, but not surpassed, in any hotel ashore, you dance to the music of an orchestra of experts, and later sit out on deck in a cooling breeze, beneath a velvety, star-spangled sky, and sense the "mystery" of a Tropic night!

And then come the days of arriving in port at early morn, the going ashore, whilst the air is fresh and sweet-scented, to "explore," to revel in strange sights, historic surroundings, and magnificent scenery, to take part, should you choose to do so, in the carefully planned excursions, and in any event to return to the ship, at nightfall, overjoyed with all you have seen and done, but so glad of a retreat to your sanctum, so glad that you are "home" again.

No bother of rearranging belongings, of getting the bearings of a strange hotel, of making new acquaintances, but everything just as you left it, quite in order, and all that you have to do is to take a delicious bath, change your clothes, and then—a long chair on deck, a long drink, and a breeze from Heaven itself (it was so hot ashore in the late afternoon), and—perfect content! It will not be an easy matter for you to make

## SUNSHINE ROUTES: HOW TO GET TO THE WEST INDIES AND BERMUDA.

sea voyage of just over three weeks, whilst with a stop-over ticket a stay of several weeks could be made in Bermuda. An occasional service to Bermuda is provided by Fyffes Line, with sailings from Swansea to Bermuda direct, but sailings are very infrequent. Apart from these two services, the journey to Bermuda can be made in very great comfort by Transatlantic liner to New York, there transshipping into one of the splendid Furness Bermuda vessels, of well over 20,000 tons, lavishly fitted, and with the most luxurious passenger accommodation. The famous *Monarch of Bermuda* and *Queen of Bermuda*, the latter recently launched, maintain a three to four

the choice of a pleasure cruise to the West Indies this season, for the reason that many are offered and all are so attractive. You will have to consider the pleasant prospect of a cruise in the *White Star Britannic*, of 27,000 tons, the world's largest motor-vessel, to the Azores, Barbados, Trinidad, La Guaira, (Venezuela), Colon, Jamaica, Cuba, Bahamas, and Madeira, from Jan. 28 to March 9, a very comprehensive and interesting programme; of a cruise by the popular Cunarder *Laconia*, of 20,000 tons, to Madeira, Barbados, St. Lucia, Kingston, Havana, Bermuda, Casablanca, and Gibraltar, Jan. 26 to March 6, which has a good scope; by the fine P. and O. steamer *Viceroy of India*, of 20,999 tons, to the Azores, Bermuda, Kingston, Antigua, St. Lucia, St. Vincent,



THE "VICEROY OF INDIA," WHOSE WEST INDIAN CRUISE VISITS TWO OF THE LEEWARD AND ALL THE WINDWARD ISLANDS: THE 20,999-TON P. AND O. STEAMER.

Grenada, Trinidad, Barbados, Madeira, Casablanca, Dec. 21 to Jan. 28, which affords an opportunity for visiting Bermuda, two of the Leeward and all of the Windward Islands; and by the 20,000-tonner *Orford*, one of the "crack" boats of the Orient Line, to Madeira, Tobago, Trinidad, La Guaira, Cristobal, Kingston, St. Kitts, Antigua, St. Lucia, Grenada, Barbados, Tenerife, Casablanca and Gibraltar, Jan. 24 to March 7, a longer and very varied cruise. And then are

two fine cruises by the splendid Canadian Pacific steamer *Duchess of Richmond*, 20,000 tons, to Trinidad, La Guaira, Curaçao, Cristobal, Kingston, Havana, Nassau, Cuba, Barbados, Grenada, St. Lucia, Madeira, from Jan. 28 to March 15; and by the Swedish-American motor-liner de luxe, the *Gripsholm*, 18,000 tons, to Morocco, Senegal, Trinidad, Cartagena, Colon, Havana, Bahamas, Madeira, from Feb. 11 to March 26, to be considered, each very attractive, and differing a good deal in itinerary from the aforementioned cruises. The minimum fares for these cruises vary in price from 69 to 90 guineas, and the accommodation, and amenities generally, on all of the vessels are all that one could possibly desire.

Those who have the time to do so will have the opportunity of making a cruise by the *Reina del Pacifico*, the 17,700-ton flag-ship of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, round the east and west coasts of South America, visiting the Falkland Islands, passing through the magnificent Straits of Magellan, of seeing Juan Fernandez, the island of Alexander Selkirk, and visiting Jamaica on the homeward run by way of the Panama Canal.

Finally, if you cannot decide which cruise to take, let Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son assist you, for this well-known firm specialises in cruises in the Tropics, and there is much that you ought to know about outfit, etc., which they will gladly tell you; much advice they can give as to situation and reservation of cabins; and much service, such as forwarding of baggage, insurance, issuing travellers' cheques, and so forth, they can undertake so efficiently that a visit to them will mean your setting forth on your tour fully equipped and comfortably installed.



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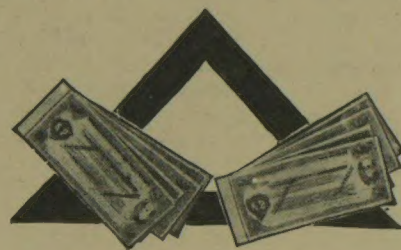
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